# THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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## THE CLADDAGH.

### Miss Banim's Interesting Description of the Famous Old Neighbor of Galway Town.

#### The Fishermen, Their Families, and Their Habits.

AN ANCIENT FISHING VILLAGE.

Every traveler who visits the west of Ireland is recommended by the various guide books to "be sure, while in Galway, not to miss paying a visit to the adjacent fishing village of the Claddagh"—and the said guide books go on to give some of the details regarding the Claddagh to be found in the ancient history and traditions of the place.

The tourist—usually the English tourist—his mind filled with some confused pictures of a strange people clothed in bright blue and scarlet, and always busily engaged with bonfires, processions, and curious half-pagan rites—inquires his way to the "Clad-a." He finds he has but to turn to the left off a wooden bridge at the west end of Galway, pass a little group of navy reserve men sitting on the wall, continue his way about one hundred yards along quite an ordinary, but very finely built quay, to where he sees what appears to be but a few poor-looking cabins and a little fleet of small and rather curiously shaped hookers at anchor in the harbor facing the cabins. There are groups of men, very like ordinary, modern fishermen and sailors; a flock or two of geese, just like any geese, with the same way that English geese have of slowly waddling up, gander in front, stretching out their long necks, turning first one little inquisitive eye on the stranger, then the other little eye, and all pouring on him a chorus of very sharp and searching questions, interlarded with some remarks to each other, evidently anything but complimentary to the foreigner. He, full of dignity and superiority as he is, somehow feels a little hurt and irritated by the utter coolness of the creatures, every one of which, by the way, has a little tuft of the feathers on its poll tied with a red or blue or green thread—a custom peculiar to Galway geese, which have a quiet way of strolling about the less frequented streets and byways, and by thus wearing the favorite color of their owners can be known any distance from home.

Our tourist, having escaped in as dignified a manner as possible from the geese, proceeds to make his inquiries among the people; but some how or other he does not well know how to begin or how to get at things. It is not easy to say—"I want to know all about your curious ways and customs; I want to see your king and queen, and—ah—". He cannot think at the moment what is exactly best to say, and so only asks "I say—ah—is this the Clad a?" "Yes, sir, this is the Claddagh," one of the men answers in English—plain English, too!

THE MEN ARE VERY RESERVED,

not offering any opening for questions; but not a rude word or look. The Englishman suddenly gets unaccountably shy, and it occurs to him that perhaps he is intruding; so he just takes a stroll along the pier which stretches far beyond the village out into the beautiful bay, admires the glorious western sunset, saunters into the town, and leaves the Claddagh there, his mind fully made up that the guide books are humbugs, and that if ever there was anything interesting about the place and people it must have been a hundred years ago at least.

But let an Irish man or woman, one who understands and feels with our poor people, go down to the Claddagh—go often; go without patronizing or condescending, or showing a sort of microscopic inquisitiveness into the ways of the villagers, as if they were the common objects of the seashore, to be turned over, and poked at, and spread out with naturalists' pins; let us go with a tone in our "God bless the work" that shows that the blessing comes from the heart, and we need not long be strangers, but will soon find that not only are there still many of the quaint ancient customs alive among the villagers, but we will learn before long to feel a genuine affection for and sympathy with this kindly, intelligent, and now, alas! very suffering people.

The Claddagh, an Irish word which signifies "the seashore," is very picturesquely situated on the southern shore of Galway—in fact is but one of the outlets of the town, from which it is approached by two bridges—one at the end of Dominick street, which also leads into West Galway; the other the remains of a fine wooden bridge leading from that part of the ancient town known as "Spanish Parade," directly into the fishing village itself.

A little below lies the village, guarded by a large school house—the Claddagh Piscatory school—which is surmounted by the figure of a sailor, who stands on the roof keeping a watch out at sea, and an arm (minus a hand, like Capt. Cuttle) raised in warning to all little Claddagh boys and girls to leave off play and come to school. Beside the school, and shaded by a group of trees, is the Claddagh church, Teampul Vuria, where many a tearful prayer goes up to the Father of the poor—to Him who came across the waters to the poor fishermen.

At first sight the village appears to consist of but a few houses, or rather thatched cabins; but on entering any of the numerous openings or laneways the place is found to be much more extensive, the cabins being built in irregular squares and circles surrounding pretty little greens where the young children play, and where the women spread out their husbands' fishing-nets for mending or drying on round cairns or circles of stone, one of which is on every green. The houses are very small, and many show sad tokens of

GREAT POVERTY;

yet, wherever the means will at all allow of the smallest comfort, they are neat and clean. Owing to the numerous open spaces, the air is pure and free, and the whole place commands as lovely a prospect as the heart could desire.

Fronting the village is the quay, along which the fishing-fleet is ranged when the men are ashore; on the quay the Claddagh men are at such times to be found, talking in quiet groups or working at the repairs of their boats. Very old fashioned boats, but of a very graceful build; the keel sharp as a razor, the ribs—or knees, as a fisher boy told me to call the sides—bowed out almost to the shape of the breast-bone of a waterfowl, then sloped in again to the edge of the vessel; the bow, rising high out of the water and curving up a little in front, gives a picturesque appearance to the boat, which seems to ride on the waves with the ease and buoyancy of a bird. The fishermen say that the bowing out of the "knees" gives greater steadiness and security; certainly the vessel can go through the water at a flying pace.

To the right of the long pier is a little inlet of the sea evidently expressly designed by nature for the pleasure of the children; for here, in every sunny hour when school is over, all the boys come for their natural and most engrossing amusement—regattas with their little fleet of home-made, white-sailed cutters; capitally built little boats, of quite a different make from land-boys' toy affairs; boats that seem related to the old bread-winners in the harbor, for the moment they touch the water there they go racing, flying, tacking, as lively and as eager to win the race, and seemingly as full of life as their young owners, running along the bank. I have never felt such engrossing interest in a genuine regatta as I have felt watching those lads and their toy boats. And then with what quiet ease of manner—no awkward slouching, no free-and easy ways either—the boys, when they came to know us, would bring the boats to show me their build, or sit or stand around, giving instructions (often, I confess, as Greek to me, in my ignorance of such matters) in the way of sketching ships. The most patient of teachers, and the most polite, they were; though only boys, I never knew one of them to laugh, even when I got hopelessly entangled in the rigging, about which they were very particular indeed as well as anxious that every ship should be represented in full sailing gear.

Nor were the little girls backward in joining us. Indeed their interest in art sometimes made us quite shy, as they preferred watching our struggles with sails, ropes, boats tacking, etc., even to bribes of sugar-stick. I remember trying hard to coax off little Bina Kavanagh and a dozen more but all no use. Then I thought Bina would be frightened if she had to stand hard staring, and so I commanded her to keep steady and hold the ducks she was carrying nicely, so as to have their likenesses taken while they quacked. Instead of running off, Bina was quite charmed, settled the ducks prettily, heads foremost, and asked would we like a pair of chickens? And here they are—the centre group of a crowd, from which came delighted whispers: "They're drawin' the ducks, an' they qackin'!"

Many a happy hour has been spent talking with the fishermen's children on the Claddagh pier, and enjoying the lovely sunshine, watching it, as it moved round to the west, light up as if with gold the broad, shining bay; the clare Mountains, now bluish grey, now pale violet, now covered with the golden mist Turner loved to paint; the wooded heights beyond

"LOUGH ATHALIA,"

a pretty inlet of the bay to north-east of the town. Close at hand the quiet fishing village with its fleet at anchor, some of the men gathered in groups about the chapel gate, their favorite spot, others of them working at the tarring and repairing of their boats and fishing tackle; the wide and rapid river, rushing and tumbling down in its hurry to get away from the town and out into the bay; beyond, the grey old town, losing, even at that short distance, all its air of dilapidation, and looking most picturesque, its gables and peaks lit up in the sunshine or thrown back into shadow by the many ins and outs, turns and twists of the quaint, narrow streets; a gap in the houses, where the Corrib river winds through the town, showing the peak of a distant mountain rising above and behind all.

And for ages this once flourishing fishing colony has been established here. Long before the Anglo Norman "Tribes of Galway" came to settle and grow wealthy in the town, the Claddagh fishermen and their families were, as they are today, a distinctly Irish people, living altogether to themselves, religiously keeping their own ways and customs, and continuing to speak their native tongue and wear their national dress. Roderick O'Flaherty, in his "Iar Connaught," says that the Claddagh is supposed to have been a fishing village since the first peopling of Ireland. Not to go so far back, there is distinct mention of it in the life of St. Endeus, who lived in the fifth century. When the Anglo-Norman settlers in Galway drove the Irish from the town, exacting and for more than two centuries enforcing, most stringent laws, not only for keeping the natives from sharing in the great prosperity of the town, but forbidding them to enter its streets, even the the peaceful Claddagh folk remained firmly rooted in their ancient home. Doubtless they were spared as being very useful, necessary purveyors of food; a people whose love for their free and strangely fascinating life, whose ignorance of all other trade or commerce prevented them from becoming objects of the jealous watchfulness of their English neighbors. And there they have been all these ages—peaceful, honest, simple people; content to live the same humble life, passionately loving the beautiful spot in which their every thought, every tradition, every memory, hope, and love are centred; happy, if only the greed of others did not deprive them of the livelihood by which their fathers were able to live in quiet comfort; content, while they saw the neighboring city spring up gradually, grow in size beauty, and wealth—become and remain for many generations one of the most prosperous trading cities of western Europe.

The Claddagh folk saw, too, the great trade of Galway decline, its wealth decrease, and the once all powerful families of the "Tribes" sink to comparative poverty or disperse to distant parts of the country, saw the magnificence of their buildings decay and fall to ruin; yet, through all, the fisher-folk remained the same primitive, happy race, untouched by the busy world so close to them, living entirely to themselves and seldom to be seen in the streets of the town, except when the women go there to sell their fish or to buy necessaries for their households. They have always had their own church, their own festivals, and their own head or lawgiver—their king, as he is styled.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

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By a very ingenious and original process, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., of Lowell, Mass., are enabled to extract the essential properties of the materials used in the preparation of their famous "Ayer's Sarsaparilla," thus securing a purity and strength that can be obtained in no other way.


## HARD ON CARNOT.

### The Correspondent of the Liverpool "Catholic Times" Rakes the French Government for an Act of Revocation.

#### Something Without Parallel in the Relations Between the Vatican and Versailles.

[*Roman Cor. Liverpool Catholic Times.*]

THE REVOCATION OF MGR. PUYOL.

"Worse than the Coliseum," we heard a distinguished English ecclesiastic say when listening to the account of the revocation of Mgr. Puyol, one of the Pope's most devoted servants, one of Rome's most brilliant savants. True, the Coliseum and wild beasts are things of the past, yet in this nineteenth century of ours there are martyrs for the cause whose only blood shed is the living heart blood spilled drop by drop in cruel injustice and persecution. This specimen of French Jacobinism which has just been exhibited in the Eternal City (under the Pope's eyes) is without parallel. Mgr. Puyol, superior of the church of St. Louis de Frangois, where the élite of cosmopolitan aristocracy unite, occupies an important position among the clergy of Rome (and it is not in his loyal hands that the cause of the Holy Father could ever suffer) is a recognized savant, sympathetic to all, and devoted to the Holy Father to the utter abnegation of all personal interest. On Tuesday last, without the least forewarning sign, Mgr. Puyol was revoked by the French government in the most brutal manner. The government had sent a telegram to their ambassador (we repeat *their* ambassador, although it was addressed to the representative for the Vatican) ordering the revocation and immediate replacement by a pro superior of Mgr. Puyol. The order was executed in all its rigor. The French ambassador, M. Lefebre de Behaine, without the least hesitation or protestation, revoked the highly distinguished prelate, who immediately quitted the church of St. Louis de Frangois, after ten years of signal service to the Holy Father and to the French government.

THE FRENCH MINISTER, M. RIBOT,

punished the superior of St. Louis in this most brutal manner for having fulfilled a pontifical mission in the diocese of Bayonne, and for having transmitted, in the Pope's name, pontifical honors and titles to some priests of the same diocese, who, for political reasons, were actually in disgrace with their bishop and government. The crime(?) was obedience to the sovereign pontiff's orders; the punishment is enormous, and in fact, an enormity. One of the most distinguished members of the French clergy has been removed without warning, without explanation, without giving him time to change his situation for another and without the least indemnity. That which still more aggravates the violence of this coup d'état is the fact that for over ten years Mgr. Puyol faithfully served the State at the Faculty of Theology at Paris, and during ten more years at the church of St. Louis des Frangois, which is a State institution. He is smitten by the French government in the Pope's diocese for having performed a pontifical mission, and that in the most extraordinary and insulting manner. The religious and diplomatic circles are in consternation. It is impossible to understand how the French government could so far forget what is due to the Pope and to a man of such standing and reputation as Mgr. Payol as to take such extreme measures without the least mark of consideration. It is said that the Pope is much affected by this occurrence.

CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.

There is no longer any question as to the retirement of Cardinal Simeoni, prefect of the propaganda, and of his replacement by Cardinal Rampolla. It is even said that the latter, surprised and pained by the rumors which were circulated with the greatest persistence (and from the highest authority) considered it his duty to question his Holiness as to the truth of the matter. The sovereign pontiff, in answering his tried and faithful servant, declared that he had not the most remote intention of depriving himself of his services. The question is, therefore, settled. But this same question, of which we informed our readers, was raised, and seriously, no matter what other correspondents may advance as to the authenticity of our information. Cardinal Rompolla is a man full of respect for the authority of the sovereign pontiff, whose least wish is deferred to by him with profound respect. Besides this, his piety is well known, and his conscientiousness amounts to scrupulousness. Even in the midst of his numerous occupations he finds time to seek consolation at the feet of his Savior, and daily takes one hour and a half to say holy mass. By this union with his Creator the troubles and difficulties inevitable to such a position are lightened, and, for the time being, forgotten.

ILLNESS OF FATHER LARROCA.

The general of the Dominicans, Pere Larroca, is at death's door. It is said that he cannot live very long. His death will be a considerable loss to the order. He has proved himself a clever and energetic administrator. By birth a Basque-Spaniard, he was obliged to leave his country after the first civil war of Navarre. He was named curé in one of the French Basque parishes, but returned to his order very shortly, and after a brilliant career was named its general. We say he was energetic; energy is required to govern the Dominican order where so much liberty is allied to such strict discipline. The celebrated order is a veritable model of a republic where all, from the highest to the most humble, are chosen by election. Pere Larroca was a believer in severity. It is sufficient to recall the well known incident about Pere Didon, who, for preaching certain sermons not quite approved of, was exiled from Paris to Corsica, and condemned to a long silence.

PERE MONSABRE.

The Very Rev. Pere Monsabré most certainly will not be created cardinal. He is said to laugh at such a rumor, and declares that he would be but little adapted to such an existence of solitude and work as is peculiarly that of a cardinal. He still feels himself to be in health and strength to continue his brilliant career as a preacher, from which he has won such celebrity.

THE CEMETERY OF ST PRISCILLA.

On Tuesday last, a considerable crowd of people visited the recently discovered cemetery of Priscilla, in the Via Salaria Nuova. The catacomb, which is one of the most ancient in the Campagna Romana, was, according to tradition, founded by Priscilla, mother of the Senator Pudens, contemporary of the Apostles. This legend, which did not seem to have any serious foundation, has now been confirmed beyond all doubt, thanks to the excavations undertaken some years since by the celebrated archæologist, M. de Rossi, in the still unexplored Hypogee Priscillian. It is now actually and morally proved that the Priscilla who founded this cemetery is the same Prisca of whom the Epistles of St. Paul and the Acts of of St. Luke speak. (Bulletino di Archeologia Christiana, Nos. 1 and 2, 1888-9). The recent excavations have brought to light the tomb of Priscilla and the basilica of St. Sylvester, Pope, and friend of Constantine. The dimensions of the church are not yet established, but it would seem that it is in a perfect state of preservation. Mass was celebrated in the catacomba, after which M. de Rossi held a very interesting conference in French. After the usual agapes the visitors dispersed late in the day. The feast of St. Sylvestro was also celebrated in the titulary church. High mass being sung by Bishop O'Callaghan.

RECEPTIONS BY THE HOLY FATHER.

His Holiness continues the daily receptions of embassadors and ministers attached to the Holy See. Considering his advanced age, he bears fatigue better than some of his visitors, who, after waiting long hours in the papal ante-rooms, look weary and tired on leaving the Vatican.

COURSE OF SERMONS.

Today, Jan. 4, the Very Rev. Dom Jerome Vaughan, O.S.B., commences his course of sermons in the church of San Sylvester in Capite. The subjects will be as follows: Jan. 4, "Without Faith it is impossible to please God" (Heb. xi. 6); Jan. 11, "Taking the shield of Faith wherewith you may be able to extinguish all the fiery darts of the most wicked one" (Eph. vi. 16); Jan. 18, "One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism" (Eph. iv. 5); Jan 25, "Faith cometh by hearing" (Rom. x. 17); Feb. 1, "I have prayed for thee that thy Faith fail not" (St. Luke, xxii 32); Feb 8, "This is the victory which overcometh the world, our Faith" (I John v 4).

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### OBITUARY.

MR. J J. KEARNEY.

Mr. J. J. Kearney, a former well known citizen of Chicago, died suddenly of pneumonia at Washington, D. C., on Thursday of last week. He was employed in the Surgeon General's office, and was regarded as a most efficient public servant. He was 65 years of age at the time of his death, and leaves besides his widow a son and two daughters, who have reached the age of maturity. The remains were brought to this city, and, after high mass of requiem at the Holy Family church, were buried on Monday in the Kearney lot at Calvary cemetery. Mr. Kearney was a handsome, dignified gentleman, and had many amiable qualities which rendered him a social favorite. May he rest in peace.

SISTER MARY ALEXIS.

Sister Mary Alexis died at St. Joseph's Hospital, Chicago, on Jan. 15, in her 82d year. For upwards of thirty years she was Superioress of St. Louis Hospital. It is not often that the record has to be written of a life more beautiful in its quiet, Christian heroism, in every endearing, simple virtue than that of the venerable Sister, who has just passed away. Of her eighty two years two thirds were spent in that noblest order of the Catholic church, the community of the Sisters of Charity, founded by St. Vincent de Paul. Two dreadful epidemics of cholera visited St. Louis during Sister Mary Alexis' term at the hospital there, and the work which she and her Sisters did then will long be remembered. Few can imagine the terrible scenes to be witnessed in a large hospital in times of plague, and few, happily, are called on to perform that which the Sisters then cheerfully faced. During the war the house was filled with the wounded, and many live to gratefully attest the motherly, devoted care of Sister Alexis. But though these were heroic things to do, in exciting times, the everyday charities and beneficences of which none but the recipients and God may ever know, were never neglected. The hidden miseries that were relieved, the secret struggles and want that the kind hands now folded forever brought help and hope to—these things will only be made clear when the great day of revealing lays every deed and thought bare. To the very last, even when mortal weakness prostrated her, the kindness and sweetness of Sister Alexis' character shone out, and in her coffin a surpassing peace beautified the worn, patient face.

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A young man named John Moran was drowned while skating on Killawalla lake near Castlebar. The body was recovered by the Rev. Father Reedy, C.C., and Constable White.

## WOLFE TONE.

### A Stirring Lecture on the Life of the Glorious Patriot by Mr. Ashe King, the Poet and Novelist.

#### A Caustic Speech by John O'Leary, the Fenian Triumvir.

At a recent meeting of the Rathmines branch of the National League, held in their rooms, Upper Rathmines, Mr. Richard Ashe King delivered a lecture on Wolfe Tone. There was a large attendance of members, and great interest was manifested in the proceedings owing to the fact that so distinguished an Irish writer and novelist was to lecture. Mr. King was warmly received, and, needless to say, he invested his subject with peculiar attractiveness and kept the attention of the audience fixed from beginning to end, while he gave a most graphic picture of the life of the great patriot and the condition of affairs in Ireland at the time. Mr. J. Murray presided.

In the course of his address, which was a very fascinating one both in matter and style, he described the condition of political affairs both in Ireland and abroad in the time of Wolfe Tone, who, he said, was the pivot both of a domestic and a foreign movement for freedom. The domestic movement he described as having arisen out of religious subjection of the Catholics on the one hand and the Presbyterian dissenters of the North on the other hand, both of whom had common grievances and common enmity against the Protestant churchmen. There was also the foreign movement of which Wolfe Tone took advantage, the common grievance and enmity of France and Ireland against England. Wolfe Tone was the pivot of both these movements, and was an example of the good which came out of evil. He was an extremely notable man, but was not a man of mere ability. Mere ability in a man of action was what the rudder was to the steamer. What made the steamer a steamer were its engines, and what made a man of action were his force of will and force of character. Another influence which had a great effect on the career of Wolfe Tone was the force of circumstances. It was astonishing how this man of indomitable force of will and character was tossed about on a sea of circumstances. He was a born adventurer. Comparing the condition of the country at that time with what it was today, the lecturer reminded his hearers of the proverb quoted by Mr. Parnell (applause) in one of his speeches on Sunday, "Beware of the hoot of the horse, the tooth of the dog, the horn of the bull, and the smile of the Saxon." It was enough to make one despair who read Irish history, when he found generation after generation of Irishmen fall into the same open pitfall. Trust in smiles, trust in protestations, trust in faith and good feeling, trust in generosity—the whole history of Ireland taught them to trust no one and nothing but themselves. Let them trust their own strength, trust their own union, trust their own power, and make themselves feared and formidable.

THE IRISH PEOPLE WOULD GET NOTHING

from favors, they would get everything from force. They would get nothing from justice, they would get everything from expediency. They would get nothing as a right, as a grace, as a gift. They would get everything as a conquest; they would get everything from indexible determination, and above all from unbroken and unbreakable union. He asked them to think of this today, when they were asked to disarm their troops and to hold out their hands for anything that any English minister might be good enough to fling them, while he flung something away from them with the other hand. Let them keep their troops together, and keep them armed, and above all keep the man who could keep their army so, if they would have the fruits of victory. (Loud applause.) The lecturer then proceeded to deal in a vivid and graphic manner with the events connected with Wolfe Tone's mission to France and the failure of the French invasion of Ireland leading up to the arrest, trial, and death of the Irish patriot. In reading the life of Wolfe Tone the sentence recurred to him (Mr. King) again and again, "In a cause like this success is everything." If the French fleet under Gen. Hoche had not been dispersed by the winds, or even if the Dutch expedition had not been chained in the Texel, the name of Wolfe Tone would have been, if not the first, among the very first in the names of Irish history. There would be scarcely a city in the length and breadth of Ireland in which his statue would not stand. Was there a city today in which his statue did stand? "In a cause like this success is everything." He failed; therefore there was no memorial of as keen an intellect, as strong a character, as bold, as undaunted, as chivalrous a spirit, as brave a life, and as true and devoted a heart as ever lived or died for Ireland. But they had his memory, and might it not be their guiding light to cheer them for liberty and teach them to unite? (Loud applause.)

MR JOHN O'LEARY,

who was warmly received, moved a vote of thanks to the lecturer for his address. He did not think it necessary for him to refer at any length to Wolfe Tone, after the satisfactory and lucid manner in which Mr. King had treated the whole subject of his life. He did not think that good came out of evil, and he believed that all the good that was in Tone came out of the good in his nature. He did not believe, too, that success was everything. He believed the success of Wolfe Tone lay in the influence for good he exercised. All the important actions of his (Mr. O'Leary's) life were more or less due directly or indirectly to Tone, chiefly through the teaching of Davis. He believed that Tone had in no sense failed any more than any other man. They had been for seven hundred years trying to shake off the power of England, and they had not shook it off yet; and he did not see any evident prospect of shaking it off just at present. He had been listening now for ten or eleven years to numbers of men in Ireland whose views, or hopes, or aspirations he did not in the least share. He believed he had been listening to a deluded country, and to men who were deluding it.

THEY HAD THE SAME OLD STORY OVER AGAIN.

They thought they had reached some state of things quite different from those in O'Connell's time, or in the time of Keogh and Sadleir. But they found they could not be certain of anything. The only thing they could be certain of was that it was their duty ever to struggle as Tone struggled—that was to struggle to the death for Ireland. (Applause.) The times were changed, no doubt, and the people had changed with them. They could not use the same means as Tone used, but they could use the same spirit. It was not by self seeking but by self sacrifice that this or any other country was ever saved or ever would be saved. (Hear, hear.) This was the lesson that should be drawn for their guidance from Wolfe Tone's life. Of course they heard a great deal of late since the new developments; they heard a great deal of loose and lax and cowardly talk about what were called hillside men. Well this talk about hillside men came from the mouths of men who had deserted the old hillside policy to pitchfork themselves into parliament, and into place if possible. Seeing that they failed to get the places for which they abandoned the hillside men, they tried to blackguard the people through whom they mounted to their present position. It was not by such means, but by carrying out the spirit of such men as Tone, Emmet, and others that they would ever free Ireland in the most limited sense possible. Tone's memory was the influence which he had on the people of Ireland, and though there was not a statue to him, yet he hoped there would soon be one. He moved that the best thanks of the meeting should be given to Mr. King for his extremely interesting and able lecture.

Mr. George Cosley seconded the motion, which was supported by Mr. O'Carroll, and was carried by acclamation.

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### THE IRISH CAUSE.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 24.—Can Ireland ever gain her independence as a nation? This is a question that perhaps every patriotic Irishman, all over the world, has frequently asked, particularly at every crisis in the political struggles of our native land. Alas! though we would like to answer affirmatively, we cannot without a proviso,—Yes, when her people are united. Certainly at this date of the nineteenth century—the age of enlightenment and civilization it ought not be necessary to remind our countrymen that "unity is strength" or quote any proverbs or aphorisms to exemplify the beneficial effects of combined efforts. Our enemies understand thoroughly what Irishmen are capable of achieving when properly united, and never fail to endeavor to create discord and disunion whenever the opportunity is afforded. Unfortunately our past history shows, they have indeed been to our sorrow only too successful, and when the goal of Irish liberty ever appeared on the horizon, our enemies never failed to use every means to create jealousy and rivalry among our people. Are our foes to be successful forever at the same old game? Are we ever going to perceive and take advantage of what experience has so dearly taught us.

If England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity, are we prepared to hail that propitious occasion, and hope to realize what we have so long cherished? If England is continually preparing for war have we made corresponding efforts to be ready to meet her. Our parliamentary or constitutional tactics may one of those days, as likely as not, "waste into thin air" will we be satisfied then to lie down and die or receive like cowards and slaves whatever our enemies may condescend to give us? Oh, shades of O'Neill, Sarsfield, Emmet, and all the numerous Irish patriots departed, it is painful and heart-breaking to reflect on it.

Irish freedom can be had for the asking if we ask like men. Let our millions of Irishmen the world over demand it with one voice, and positively we will get it. If we do not receive it when we ask it unanimously, then we will obtain it by one final and desperate stroke.

Let bygones be bygones. Let the dead past bury its dead. Let former animosities, and petty jealousies be forgotten, and in the struggle for Irish liberty let us all be brothers. Let us consider we are as one man aspiring for a single object. Let us endeavor to bring our exiled countrymen in the land of the Stars and Stripes and the world over together, and whilst loyalty to the land of our adoption is the first consideration, let our next be to struggle by every means that God and man put into our hands to free Ireland. If constitutional means fail we must endeavor and be prepared to try what we can achieve physically. The effort is undoubtedly worthy of the trial—nay, worthy of our lives. Let us then consider no sacrifice too great to make for Erin's sake; let us tolerate one another, and make a final and desperate effort when the opportunity arrives and show the world that such a noble race physically and morally are not forever destined to be slaves. J.J.M.

THE

# SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

# United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

## CHAPTER XXX.

AGAIN A PRISONER.

When Redmond Barrington left on his hurried journey to the metropolis, Eugene, who had been seeing him off, returned to Grey Abbey.

Troubled with many thoughts, he turned his footsteps to the old ruins to give himself time for reflection; and, the better to consider over the incidents that had been crowded into his life during the past few days, lit a cigar from the case which Redmond had given him, and, with slow and thoughtful steps, passed through the scrubby tangle that lay between him and the ruins.

Once there, he seated himself on the mossy rock, sheltered by the higher walls from observation on the land side, but with full view of the spreading reach of waters that lay before him.

He had many things to think of—of the singular and most marvelous incidents connected with the discovery and rescue of his sister, which, now that he had time to reflect on it, seemed to him scarcely realizable, and more like a dream, or incidents occurring to the heated imagination of a story writer. There was also he projected marriage between her in ending murderer and the dear, sweet girl at Seamore—the very idea of which sent a thrill of horror through his breast. He had, however, sufficient faith in Redmond's energy and untiring vigor to know hat whatever man could do to save her rom peril, and worse than danger, her brother's hand was surest to effect.

Then, there were also considerations as o other matters attending his visit.

"These papers!" he thought, "I wonder if they are there still. How important for me to know—and, oh! how fortunate I did not seek to bring them with me to France last time. Else, they were unavoidably gone—gone for ever. And how providential—what I thought so unfortunate at the time—my capture! Otherwise Alice, poor girl, were lying in lonely death his moment—untended and forgotten. How wonderfully the hand of God brought it all about. Well, a few days will bring us together at Seamore, where the past—the sorrowful past—shall be forgotten. I shall see if the papers, of which I have heard so much from the old lawyer in Versailles, and which are of so much importance, are still there. Pray heaven, they be!"

The falling of some stones or the displacement of some triturated mortar from one of the ruined walls behind him attracted his attention. He turned his head around and was displeased and annoyed to see the form of a bent old woman hobbling away through a broken archway behind him.

"Some old creature gathering faggots," he thought.

But the presence of any human being disturbed his reveries; broke on the high tension of his thoughts, and made him uncomfortable; and he rose to leave.

The broad sea lay sleeping before him. Not a ripple broke on its surface, and scarcely a distant sail interfered with the bright monotony of its calm. Save and except where, on the white sands below, the slow rolling wavelets broke in surf, lazily scattering itself an the level strand and as lazily withdrawing itself, every thing was motionless. A gnarled rock projecting itself into the sea to his right prevented him from seeing the coast in the direction of Wexford.

"I shall go down to the sands, climb up that rock, and see what the further stretch of coast yonder may be like," thought he.

Lighting another cigar, he took his way carefully along the dangerous and winding path that led down the steep declivity—in some places so very steep and requiring such caution that he had to hold on by tufts of grass or clefts of rocks to steady his footing.

At length, and with much difficulty, he gained the white strand and turned to look upward at the height from which he had descended The action of the sea had so worn the face of the cliff away that not only was it in places steep as the wall of a house, but in others rocks on high projected over the denuded face of the bank beneath, and threatened at some not distant day to topple over.

As Eugene's eye rested on the most prominent of these latter it seemed to him as if a flag or colored garment of some kind appeared for a second over it and instantly disappeared. This, in a careless way, caught his attention, for he had seen nothing of the kind whilst he sat above. He looked again, but there was nothing visible on the protruding rock.

Dismissing the matter from his attention, he walked slowly on.

"How curiously those caves are formed, and what an excellent place for hiding in! I fancy it would be difficult," thought he, as he gazed at the long caverns which the ceaseless action of the waves had made in the soft stratification, or, perhaps, which the ancient monks had made for burial purposes, "to follow an escaping prisoner through them. This rock prevents the view of the southern coast. How shall I climb it?—it is so steep! Stay, here is a crevice through which I can pass more readily—— What! How dare you? Hands off, fellow!"

He had been seized suddenly from behind, and his arms fast pinioned.

With a vigorous wrench he tore himself free from his assailant and thrust his hand into his pocket for for the pistol Redmond had given him. Alas! it had been left behind in the ruined mansion. His captor, noticing and understanding his action, stepped back and quickly unstrung the carbine that was strapped on his back. Another moment would have been fatal. Eugene threw himself on his foe, ere yet the barrel was levelled, and sought to wrest it from him.

Even while he did so the shrieking tones of a woman's voice came from the high rocks above.

"Seize him! That's the escaped prisoner. Seize him and bind him. That is the Frenchman that came to Seamore—and if you let him go, may your arms be paralyzed!—Moya watched him. Moya tracked him. Yonder he is! Yonder he is! Seize him—bind him fast and secure him or he will escape!"

Notwithstanding the struggle in which he was instantly engaged—nay, perhaps, because of it, for his senses were so strung to high tension that they were electrically alive to outer objects—every word of the old woman's shrieking voice fell distinctly on his ears.

Even whilst they swayed and struggled for possession of the gun—his weakened frame strengthened by the consciousness that it was a struggle for life or death, or at least for liberty or imprisonment—the meaning of the scene became apparent to him.

"Moya! That was the old fortune teller at Seamore! What brought her? Why is she here? Why has she tracked me?"

In some such disjointed manner flashes of thought like these shot through his brain the while he struggled with his more burley antagonist.

Eugene was full of activity—the lithesome activity of a sailor—and but for his recent illness the soldier would have had no chance in his hands. As it was, whilst still wrestling for the gun, he placed his foot behind the heel of his opponent, and with a sudden and vigorous effort, flung him from him, and wrested the gun from his possession. In the effort, by some curious accident the firearm, which was held upright, struck against the ground. A burst of smoke and a flash of light blinded him for a moment, and the latter singed his eyes, as the gun exploded. An inch nearer and the bullet would have blown his temple off.

"That was a dreadfully narrow escape!" was his first sensation when the shock had passed; but, in the instant succeeding, a shriek of wild agony and despair came ringing from the cliffs above, and at the same time a rush was made from behind, and half a dozen hands had grasped him at once.

Eugene had had scarcely time to realize that he was now assuredly a prisoner, when an exclamation from his captors and an upstretched hand from one of them caused him involuntarily to glance upward through the wreathing smoke which was dissolving itself into transparency.

A glance showed him the cause of the outcry.

Falling, tumbling downwards from rock to projecting ledge and then to grassy slope, and finally on to a steep and terrific descent which there was not rock nor bank to break, until it fell at his feet on the shingle—was the form of an old woman! A glance from her dying eyes, wild with affright and green with the deadly venom of unquenchable hate, met him as he looked in wonderment for a second at her.

"Moya is avenged! Helen Barrington of Seamore——"

Whatever more the old fortune teller had to say or what threats to utter, remained unspoken; the last word was spoken with a shrieking effort; a convulsive movement passed through her mangled form, her lips parted, her eyes suddenly became glazed—and her life of mystery and misery and revenge was over.

Eugene had only time to notice a small blue mark in her wrinkled forehead—it showed where the musket so accidentally discharged had sent its leaden messenger—when he turned away with a shudder of horror and disgust. The wrinkled lineaments of the hag, yellowing and hardening in death, seemed to gather unto themselves a greater and more implacable malignity.

"D—n her! she had no business here!" was the commentary of the sergeant of the party that had arrested him, as he turned from the repulsive object and gave his attention to his prisoner, who was now securely handcuffed. "Did you know her?"

"I saw her once or twice," said Eugene, who, seeing that further resistance was hopeless, suffered himself quietly to be made a prisoner.

"Well, she deserved what she got, the old ——, though only for her we should not have found you. It was she who gave us the information where you could be found."

"She!" said Eugene.

"Ay. She watched you for us, and was most anxious you should be taken. She had a nice liking for you, she had. But we had better be getting along. Whistle for the boat to come around."

"What shall we do with this?" said the man addressed, motioning towards the dead form before them.

"Let her lie there and be ——," was the response.

A whistle from one of the men was responded to by the noise of oars from the other side of the rock, and in a few minutes the prow of a man-of-war's boat appeared rounding it.

"You have led us a nice dance these last twenty-four hours," said the sergeant, as, all parties having seated themselves, the rowers bent on their oars and the boat swept southwards. "You and your friend made a bold run of it, and were near succeeding. I never saw so clever a thing done before. It is almost a pity you did not get off"

"Where are you taking me to?"

"The Thunderer. She is anchored off Carnsore Point. She should have sailed for Plymouth by this if the old hag had not brought in the news of your being here."

Eugene was silent—silent because of the rush of conflicting thoughts that crossed his brain.

"Alice—Redmond—Helen Barrington—imprisonment—the hulks—Moya. Aye, Moya! What had he done to incur the old woman's enmity—enmity that had proved to him so unfortunate?"

In some such fashion as this the crowding thoughts surged on him.

"Don't be downhearted mate," said the sergeant, wrongfully interpreting his silence. "You'll not be lonesome. Your companion will be with you before long. The dragoons are upon his track already."

"The dragoons! What is that you said?" inquired Eugene hurriedly, the words banishing his abstraction. "What dragoons? Where?"

He had but half heard the soldier's words, and caught but indistinctly their meaning.

"To Dublin. Your companion has gone to Dublin—hasn't he?"

"Has he?"

"You know he has. The old hag told us so, and if her information is as true as in your case he will soon be beside you."

"When did she give you this information?"

"The same time as she told us about you."

"And ——"

"And," said the soldier, interrupting his unasked question, "the dragoons were dispatched after him. He had some hours' start, but they will, unless he goes very fast, be likely to catch up with him."

A feeling almost of despair grew over the prisoner's heart. His own capture paled into nothing before this new danger. Redmond captured! Redmond, the only one that was left for the protection of Helen!

What if he were captured before he was able to see her!—before he was able to prevent the nefarious designs of Sir Trevor—before he was able to prevent the projected marriage—the marriage—that marriage which would be the consummation of the ruin of his own earthly hopes and happiness! His head grew dizzy and his brain swam as the terrible thought presented itself to him. Oh! if Redmond could only know—could only be made aware—of the danger that followed so swiftly on his track!

With a fervent prayer for his safety and his unhindered arrival in Dublin—there was nothing else in his power to do—Eugene turned his thoughts to what lay before him.

"What will become of Alice?" he thought. "What *will* become of her. Ah, Norah—Norah will see that she is attended. What a month of misfortunes."

"But regrets were unavailing, and he banished them.

"How far are we from the vessel?"

"Yonder she is," said the sergeant.

Looking forward Eugene saw her. Her sails were in course of lowering.

"She will sail presently, said the sergeant, noticing his glance.

"Where to?"

"To Plymouth—for repairs."

"Is she going out of commission?"

"Only for awhile — during repairs. Times are too pressing now to let her remain long idle."

"Have you many Irishmen on board?"

"Plenty," said the soldier with a grin. "But you will not get that chance again. I don't think you will again get that opportunity."

"I had no thought of it."

"Better not try it, even if you get the chance. It is not once in every hundred times that an escape is planned and carried out so safely as yours."

"Any French prisoners on board?"

"Not now. We had one lately—a young fellow. Oh! I remember now. He was taken with you."

"Yes. What became of him?" asked Eugene eagerly.

"He was put on board the tender and sent to Plymouth."

"When?"

"A week or less after being made prisoner. But here we are. This is your old friend the Thunderer. They will all be glad to see you back again."

The boat came to the ship's side, and he once again stood a prisoner on board the vessel from which he had so recently escaped.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

## LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

BYRNE—At Magcola, Dripsey, Jan. 5, Timothy, son of Denis Byrne, aged 25.

CAREW—At 11 Royal Terrace, West, Kingstown, Jan. 5, Eliza Massy, widow of the late John Carew, of Rocklodge, county Cork, aged 77 years.

CRONIN—At Kilblofer, Dripsey, Jan. 1, Jane, wife of Daniel P. Cronin, formerly of Faha, and daughter of the late John Geary, Kileens, Rivertown.

CUSHION—Jan. 13, at his residence, No. 6 Vance's Building, Bishop street, Dublin, William Cushion, late of Stradbally, Queen's county.

DENNY—At 17 Binswood avenue, Leamington, Dec. 30, the Venerable Anthony Denny, fourth son of Sir Edward Denny, Bart, of Tralee (rector of Tralee 1831 to 1861, and rector of Kilgobbin and archdeacon of Ardfert 1861 to 1885), aged 83 years.

MCCARTHY—In Dublin, Jan. 6, John, son of the late Charles McCarthy, victualler, 9 Bridge street, Skibbereen.

O'CALLAGHAN—At his residence, Belle vue Lodge, Lower Glanmire road, Dublin, Jan. 3, Jeremiah O Callaghan, aged 75.

O'CONNELL—At his residenc, Newmarket, Rev. C. O'Connell, P.P., in the 71st year of his age and the 45th of his ministry.

BRADY—Jan. 8, Michael Brady, eldest son of M. J. Brady, 15 Lime street, Dublin.

BUTLER—Jan. 7. the Rev. Hans Butler, A.M., for thirty-nine years incumbent of Villierstown and canon of Lismore Cathedral, aged 82.

CASSELLS—At her residence, 45 Mary's lane, Dublin, Jan. 9, Bridget, wife of Jas. Cassells.

CRIMMINS—At the Hardwick Hospital, Dublin, Charles Crimmins, native of Croom, county Limerick.

CROTTY—At Clones, Jan. 9, Robert E. Crotty, agent Bank of Ireland.

HARBISON—At Cookstown, Jan. 9. John Harbison, aged 85.

KELLY—At her residence, 2 High street, Dublin, Jan. 7, Mrs. Bridget Kelly, aged 58 years.

KELLY—At his residence, Constitution hill, Broadstone, Christopher Kelly, for thirty nine years in the employment of the M.G.W. Railway, Dublin.

LEAHY—At her residence, 29 Lower Gloucester street, Dublin, Jan. 9, Katie, wife of W. J. Leahy, and youngest daughter of the late John Reid, of Chicago, Ill.

MURPHY—At Leinster Lodge, Maynooth, Jan. 8, Bridget, wife of James Murphy, aged 56.

RUSSELL—Jan. 9, Michael, youngest son of the late Thomas Russell, Loughmore, county Tipperary, aged 21.

HALLIGAN—Jan. 12, at Upper Punchestown, Eliza, relict of the late John Halligan.

MCCREERY—Jan. 11, at the residence of his father, Larch Hill, Kilkenny, John McCreery, aged 29 years.

KELLY—Jan. 12, at Presentation Convent, Lucan, county Dublin, Sister Mary Teresa, in the fifteenth year of her religious profession, daughter of Wm. Kelly, Esq., Solicitor, The Park, Shannon View, Athlone.

MURPHY—Jan. 12, at his residence, Athboy, county Meath, James Murphy, aged 74 years.

O'CONNOR—Jan. 12, at No. 23 Rutland square, Dublin, Ald. John O'Connor, aged 54 years.

O'REILLY—At her residence, Dormstown, Navan, Mrs. Ellen O'Reilly.

O'SHAUGHNESSY—Jan. 11, at Bruff, county Limerick, Jane, wife of Patrick O'Shaughnessy, draper.

BRODERICK—Jan. 8, at Castleres, Agnes Mary, daughter of Michael and Anna Broderick.

COLGAN—Jan. 14, at Kilcock, county Kildare, Samuel Colgan, Esq., aged 86 years.

DEEGAN—At Arless, Queen's county, Bryan Deegan.

DOWLING—Jan. 13, at Canal House, Naas, John Dowling, aged 60 years.

GORMAN—Jan. 14, at his residence, Enfield, Thomas Gorman, aged 63 years.

HALSEY—Jan. 14, at No. 19 St. Lawrence road, Clontarf, John Halsey, R. N., for twenty four years late chief officer of H.M. Coastguards, Baltimore, county Cork, aged 64 years.

MONAHAN—Jan. 14, at her residence, No. 49 York street, Dublin, Mrs. Elizabeth Monahan, relict of the late Robert Monahan, of county Wexford.

SMARTT—Jan. 8, John Smartt, Maudlins, Trim, aged 74

## GAELIC POETRY.

### Caisiol Múman.

I

Pósfainn tú. gan bs gan púint,
'S gan mórán spréid,
A's pógfainn tú maidin drúcta
Le bánad an lae;
Mo galar dubhac, gan me a's tu,
A dian-grád mo cleib!
A g-Caisiol Múman, 's gan de leabaid fúinn ann
Act clár bog déal.

II

A caoin-bean! an cuimin leat-so
Sliab-na m-ban fionn?
Nó an cuimneac leat 'nuair do bidinn-se
'S mé fradac 'san ngleann?
'Nors ó cait an aois mé
A's gur liot mo ceann,
Ní cubaid dúit mé díbirt,
A's tá 'n bliadain so gann.

III

Ná saoil-se gur b' faoil
A's nac uasal mé,
A's má saoil-se gur 'san dig
Do fuoiread mé;
Sin sios liom seal misea
Agus cuartuig mé,
Agus-geabair sé fobta ann mo taoib deas
Gur b' uasal mé.

IV

Ní ór buide ann mo pocaide
'Na airgiod geal,
Nó mo bólacht le seolad
Trát-nór a air tad;
Ní dig-bean do toigfead mé
Follam gan bóib,
Nac d-tógfainn air mo seoltaib
Go contae Tire-Eogain.

V

A cailín, is mait aitnigim,
Go b-fuil buaidread ort,
Agus a cailín, is mait aitnigim
Go b-fuair tu gut;—
'Cailín me fuair iomrád
Faoi grad fir,
A's fios mo leat-troim' na raib
Aig muáib an t-saogail uile.

[*Translation.*]

I

I would wed thee, my dear girl,
Without herds or land;
Let me claim as a portion
But thy own white hand;
On each soft dewy morn
Shall I bless thy charms,
And clasp the fondly
In my anxious arms.

II

It grieves me my fairest,
Still here to stay,
To the South, to the South, love!
Let us haste away;
Then plainly but fondly
Shall thy couch be spread,
And this breast be a pillow
To support thy head.

III

Bethink thee, my sweet maid,
Of old Slieve-na-mon,
And the vales where I sported
In the days long gone;
Though my locks now look grey,
And my blood runs chill,
The fond heart that then lov'd thee
Can love thee still.

IV

Oh! turn not upon me
That cold glance of scorn,
Nor deem me as a base one,
Or one basely born;
Not from wealth closely hoarded,
Can I claim delight;
Not with herds or fair flocks
Can I tempt thy sight;
Nay! these gifts of frail fortune,
Midst the crowd may fall,
But the soul fraught with fondness
Is beyond them all.

V

On thy young brow, my sweet one,
A cold gloom appears,
And thy glance of mild brightness
Seems dimm'd with tears;
The world dear, may slight thee,
But when friends are gone,
This heart, ever constant,
Shall through love live on.

The above song, known as "Caisiol Múman" (Cashel in Tipperary), cannot be denied to Munster whose right is proved by internal evidence. The words and air are equally sweet and simple, and both are of considerable antiquity.


## A GRAND COMBINATION.

Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

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To keep the beard from turning gray, and thus prevent the appearance of age, use Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers, the best dye made.


# BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

## The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

## The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptivenes of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often aid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty, is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

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# OLD WORLD MELANGE.

## News Notes and Gossip from Over the Sea.

### A PROPOSED VISIT OF PARNELL'S.

**He and O'Brien May Come to the United States to Take Up the Labors of Dillon and O'Brien — Supremely Important That the Collection of Funds in America Should Continue — No Dynamite Scare in the British Empire.**

LONDON, Jan. 27.—With regard to the proposed visit of Parnell to America one of his closest friends says: "It is impossible to speak with certainty on the matter. The idea of Parnell and O'Brien going to the United States to take up the labors of Dillon and O'Brien has certainly been discussed, and that there is a possibility of such a step is indicated by the rumors that have been current on the subject and which have been as freely circulated in America as in this country.

**Parnell's Support in America.**

"Touching this coming visit of Parnell to the United States it is supremely important that the collection of funds should continue in America. Unless an agreement is arrived at between the contending parties, the much needed money cannot be drawn from the United States, and it is recognized that Parnell continues to be supported in America by the mass of people who are relied upon to contribute these funds. Hence it is quite on the cards that Parnell and O'Brien will go to America."

**To Confer with Dillon.**

One of Gladstone's most energetic adherents, Mr. Stanhope, will go to Paris next Thursday to confer with Dillon on the Irish situation. The Dublin Freeman's Journal says that unless the people from the center to the sea, from Athlone to Dublin, Limerick, Tralee and Waterford, go back upon themselves the whole country stands solid for Parnell. The essential difference between him and the secessionists is that he has a policy. They have none.

### NO SCARE IN ENGLAND.

**The Government Has Not Heard of Any Dynamite Plots.**

LONDON, Jan. 27.—Mr. Henry Matthews, the home secretary, was asked if there was any foundation for the sensational reports sent to the United States by a cable agency stating there was a dynamite scare among the authorities here, owing to information received from the agents in America. The cable report also stated that detectives swarmed in Queenstown, Liverpool, Southampton and other ports, that the police guards had been increased around public buildings, and that the authorities were considering the advisability of a closer examination of baggage of passengers arriving in England from the Continent and from the United States. Mr. Matthews authorizes a denial that the government has heard anything about the matters referred to—that any extra precautions had been taken or were being considered in connection with a dynamite or any other scare.

**Offer of a Big Reward.**

GLASGOW, Jan. 27.—A reward of £1,000 has been offered by the coporation of Glasgow for the discovery of the person or persons guilty of causing the recent explosion of two gasometers belonging to the corporation.

**Arrested for Murder.**

COLUMBUS, Ohio., Jan. 27.—The authorities at San Francisco have asked for information concerning Stewart E. Bell, alias Sidney Bell, under arrest charged with the murder of Samuel M. Jacobsen in that city Aug. 16 last. The charge is based upon the confession of a man named Campbell, supposed to have been an accomplice of Bell. The family of Bell lives in Columbus. He ran away from home when 12 years old, going to Brazil and Australia. When he returned he engaged in daily labor and had several personal encounters with his father and others, finally leaving for California.

**Alliance Nominee for Senator.**

TOPEKA, Kan., Jan. 27.—Judge W. A. Peffer is the Alliance nominee for United States senate. He was named at 1 o'clock Tuesday morning on the nineteenth ballot. He received 46 votes. Speaker Elder, of the house, received 35 votes. The conference was held behind bolted doors, and guards were placed in the hallway and on the stairs. In spite of secrecy the result is as announced above. Judge Peffer is editor of The Kansas Farmer in this city.

LATER—In the house Tuesday noon the ballot for senator resulted: Pfeffer, 96; Ingalls, 23; C. W. Blair 5. In the senate: Ingalls, 35; Pfeffer, 2.

**Nebraska Legislature.**

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 27.—The house spent Monday afternoon in discussing the relief bills. In committee of the whole a bill appropriating $100,000 for aid for the drought sufferers was recommended to pass, and another one authorizing the issuance of state bonds to the amount of $100,000 for the same purposes. The Alliance majority in the senate toned down enough to name a committee to wait on Governor Boyd and ask him to deliver a message to the legislature, and another committee to wait on ex-Governor Thayer for a like purpose.

**Farmers' Alliance Convention.**

OMAHA, Neb., Jan. 27.—J. H. Powers, Independent candidate and contestant for the governorship of Nebraska, presided at the National Farmers' Alliance convention Tuesday. There were 125 delegates and seventy-five others attending, all being admitted as delegates. The states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Washington and Nebraska are represented.

**The Emperor's Son Baptised.**

BERLIN, Jan. 27.—The infant son of Kaiser William has been christened Joachim Joseph Humbert, in honor of the emperor's grand uncle, Prince Joachim, and of King Humbert of Italy. Field Marshal Count Moltke, the king of Italy, and queen regent of Holland were sponsors, the latter two by proxy.

**Sheep Butchers on Strike.**

CHICAGO, Jan. 27.—Two hundred sheep butchers in the employ of Armour, Swift and Morris went out on strike Tuesday morning upon the refusal of the packers to grant their demand for pay by the piece instead of by per diem. About 300 wool cleaners and combers are thrown out of employment by the strike.

### PREFERRED THE YOUNGER WOMAN.

**A Beautiful Girl of Allegheny City Elopes with Her Step-Father.**

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 27.—Mrs. Richard Murphy, of Allegheny, is mourning the loss of a husband and daughter. They have eloped, she thinks. Her daughter's name is Agnes Everett. She is described as being both young and beautiful. The unfaithful Murphy is also young. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy were married six months ago. Mrs. Murphy was then living in a fashionable boarding house. Her husband had died two years before and left her a small fortune. His name was John Everett. He was the representative of a Cincinnati brewing company and made a great deal of money. Their daughter had poor health, and on the advice of physicians she was sent to live with an aunt in Denver. She remained there until two weeks ago.

**Takes the Matter Coolly.**

Meanwhile Mrs. Murphy again entered the matrimonial field. Among her suitors was Richard Murphy. He was about 25, without money or visible means of support. His love-making with Mrs. Everett was conducted on a rapid scale and they were married quietly. Until Miss Everett returned to her home two weeks ago she had never seen her step-father. Mrs. Murphy's anxiety about how they would get along was soon quieted. Last Friday the two disappeared. "Well, I don't care," said Mrs. Murphy, "but I hate to see Agnes bunkoed by the same fraud that caught me, but she will have to do as I did—learn by experience."

### NINE OF THEM ARE DEAD.

**Fate of the Louisiana Solons Who Voted for the Lottery Bill.**

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 27.—Rev. N. W. Warren, the preacher member of the Louisiana legislature from Bierville parish, who voted for the lottery bill, died Monday. One telegram from Arcadia says of la grippe; another from Minden says the report is suicide. He lived about midway between the places. Upon his return home from the session of the legislature Mr. Warren was tried by the Baptist church, in which he was a preacher, for having voted for the lottery. The trial committee consisted of five members appointed by the association, five appointed by Mr. Warren and one selected by the ten.

**His Crowning Sin.**

He went before the committee and pleaded guilty, saying that his vote for the lottery was the crowning sin of his life, but as he did not tell what induced him to vote that way and would not, the committee unanimously recommended his expulsion and he was expelled. The condition of his reinstatement was a clean breast of the matter. This is the ninth death in six months among the men who voted for the lottery bill. Not a single anti-member has been even seriously sick.

### WERE HAVING A BIG TIME.

**Two Girls Traveling About the Country Dressed in Male Attire.**

BOSTON, Jan. 27.—An innocent policeman early Monday morning discovered what he supposed to be two tramps asleep in an old dilapidated shed. Thinking that the fellows might freeze to death if he left them there, he escorted them to the station and had them locked up for vagrants. When brought up to the station they proved to be girls rigged out in overcoats and overalls. They gave their names as Nellie Smith, aged 17 years, and Maggie Ryan, aged 18 years. According to their story, they had been masquerading in men's clothes about a month. They had been tramping it from one town to another and have slept in empty freight cars and cheap lodging houses. They have had lots of funs according to their story and have traveled nearly all over the state, riding on freight car trucks in professional tramp fashion. When they were taken to the cell room they recognized two old cronies among the lodgers locked up. In court they were sentenced to four months in the house of correction for vagrancy.

**Seems Like a Good Riddance.**

BATAVIA, N. Y., Jan. 27.—Fred Frenz, aged 65 years, a quarrelsome old man, living at East Oakfield, shot and killed himself with an old shotgun Monday morning. Saturday Frenz was abusing his wife and his sons interfered and gave him a severe beating. He had them arrested and was to have appeared against them Monday, but before the hour he killed himself. No reason is known for the deed unless it was that he did not want to appear against his sons. A few years ago Frenz was arrested for putting paris green in the well at his home with the intent to poison his family. He was let off with a small fine. The sons were discharged.

**Exciting News from Chili.**

BUENOS AYRES, Jan. 27.—The news from the seat of war in Chili is of a most exciting character. The war vessels of the revolutionists have taken up position in the roadstead of Porto Quimbo and have commenced bombarding the city. Regular troops which have been hurried to the defense of the beleagured seaport from Valparaiso are now quartered in the Lazerena hospital and the various school buildings. Such of the residents of the place as are able to do so are hurrying away from Porto Coquimbo to Coquimbo proper or La Serenena, capital of the provence of Coquimbo.

**Died to Save His Dog.**

CORINTH, Ky., Jan. 27.—Pietro Standwich died Monday morning from injuries inflicted on Jan. 20 by John Musselman. Standwich was a Hungarian bear tamer, and was showing his bear. Musselmann was drunk and quarrelsome, and when Standwich's dog barked raised his ax to kill it. Standwich interfered and received the blow at first intended for the dog. It is said the Austro-Hungarian consul will see that Musselman is brought to justice.

**The Robber Caused Her Death.**

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Jan. 27.—Mrs. Mary McCormick, of 801 Third street north, was found dead in her bed Sunday. Some time Saturday the lady had met with a heavy loss by being robbed on a crowded street car of a pocketbook containing $58 in cash and a note for $105, and, as she had been a sufferer from heart disease, it is supposed that the worry consequent upon this loss was the cause of her death.

**Will Make the Single Tax Issue.**

KINGSTON, Ont., Jan. 27.—Maj. Edwards, an Englishman recently appointed professor of artillery in the Royal Military college, has announced that he will oppose Sir John Macdonald here in the next Dominion election upon a single tax platform.

# THE INDIAN QUESTION.

## Gen. Miles Has a Plan to Settle Trouble.

### HE ISSUES HIS FINAL ORDERS.

**All the Redskins Must Be Disarmed and Return to Their Respective Reservations—Even the Friendlies Will Not Be Expected to Carry Arms—The Delegation Who Are to Go to Washington to See the President.**

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 26.—The Post dispatches from Pine Ridge, S. D., special says. Gen. Miles and his staff left here at 12 o'clock Monday for Rushville, and will go from there direct to Chicago. Col. Shafter of the First infantry is now in command at this agency. As soon as Capt. Lee is ready to start he will take the Brules to Rosebud. Gen. Miles gave out the following order which, he said, would probably be the last on this subject.

"Special orders, No. 28: The following orders are hereby issued for the information and guidance of all concerned: The First infantry battalion of the Sixth cavalry and battalion of the Ninth cavalry will remain in the field unless as ordered as follows: after the Brule Indians have taken their departure the Sixth Cavalry will proceed to Fort Niobrara and there take station.

**Must Return to Their Homes.**

"The commanding officer will furnish Capt. Lee with such detachment as he may request to accompany him to Rosebud agency. A detachment of the Sixth cavalry under a commissioned officer will also be sent with a party of Indians going to Cheyenne River agency, S. D., with the Indian, Iron Thunder; on the completion of that duty it will return to its station at Fort Niobrara. The remainder of the command will exercise the same military supervision over the Indians at this place as they have maintained during the last few months, and have them abandon all appearances or purposes of hostility and return to their former homes. Should it be found that any of the hostile element still retain arms they will be required to turn them into their agents as others have done.

**Can Not Carry Arms.**

"All Indians except those in the military service, friendly as well as others, will be informed that they will not be expected or permitted to carary arms. At the end of thirty days should tranquillity be maintained the Eighteenth infantry will be returned to the department of California, and at the end of sixty days should the same condition of peace exist, Maj. Henry will withdraw his command to Fort Robinson, the same to be replaced at Pine Ridge by other troops should circumstances require.

"MAJ. GEN. MILES, Commanding."

**Chiefs to Go to Washington.**

Gen. Miles has selected the following named chiefs to go to Washington: Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, American Horse, Fire Thunder and Hump of the friendlies, and Little Wound, Big Road, He Dog, Two Strike, High Hawk and High Pipe of the hostiles. Some surprises is expressed over the selection, as it was thought Red Cloud would certainly go. Gen. Miles takes with him to Chicago forty Indians, who will go to Washington later on under the care of the war department. Gen. Miles desires that they should go to the capitol under the care of a military officer.

**Who the Indians Want.**

It is openly said here that Agent Lewis was sent out here because the interior department wishes to control or revise everything that reaches the public from the chiefs concerning their grievances and the correspondent says he knows positively that Special Agent Lewis has specific instruction to conceal from the newspapers the route he will take and to not permit either the chiefs or the inspectors to be interviewed. There are strong hints that this investigation will show gross irregularities in the management of Sioux affairs. When the delegation reaches Washington it will unanimously ask for the appointment of Mr. James H. Cook, of Harrison, Neb., as their agent.

**Sullivan Smashed the Trunk.**

SAGINAW, Mich., Jan. 24.—As Duncan Harrison's company was leaving the city Friday morning John L. Sullivan accepted the challenge of a couple of baggagemen to throw a trunk into a car. The big fellow used so great force in the effort that the trunk was smashed. The baggagemen were angry. Sullivan removed his coat and a fight was imminent between the two and the champion. Two of Saginaw's "finest" told Sullivan to go into the car, and the matter was amicably settled.

**Foul Play Suspected.**

MANSFIELD, Ohio, Jan. 26.—Last Tuesday Mr. E. Vauane, a Chicago man representing a tobacco firm, registered at the Grand Central hotel in this city and stated that he would remain until Monday. Thursday he mysteriously disappeared and nothing has been seen or heard of him since. He left some valuable effects at the hotel, amounting to over $100. As he was supplied with plenty of money foul play is feared.

**Severe Storm in New York.**

NEW YORK, Jan. 26.—A storm which set in late Saturday night and continued until noon Sunday was the severest experienced here in the way of cutting off communication with the outside world since the great blizzard of March, 1888. Telegraph, telephone, electric light, and fire alarm wires are down in all directions. Advices from New Jersey and Long Island report a similar state of affairs.

**Double Tragedy in Tennessee.**

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Jan. 24.—A terrible tragedy occurred at Leddvale, near here. A young man named Tom Moore went to Capt. C. E. Dunn's house, called him out and shot him dead with a shot gun, supposing him to be Dunn's son, with whom he had an altercation at a dance. Young Dunn, who was in the house at the time, then rushed out and shot Moore, who is mortally wounded.

**Stabbed by a Fellow-Prisoner.**

HUNTINGDON, Pa., Jan. 24.—Paul Mitchell, of Butler county, in the reformatory here, was stabbed and probably fatally injured by a fellow-prisoner named Henry Larkin, from Philadelphia.

**Two tramps were arrested at Dubuque, Iowa, Saturday, suspected of being the men who killed Conductor O'Neill at Long Point last Tuesday. They claim they were only stealing ride and are not the men wanted.**

### DISASTER ON THE RAIL.

**One Person Killed and Six Others Badly Injured.**

BUTTE, Mont., Jan. 26.—A collision occurred on the Northern Pacific near this city Sunday in which H. W. Lord of Devil's Lake, N. D., lost his life and six others were badly injured. The names of the latter are: S. B. Calderhead, general passenger and freight agent of the Montana Union, back badly sprained and seven scalp wounds; Miss Calderhead, arm and ankle broken; John H. Cottrell, of Dayton, Ohio, bad scalp wound and body bruised: Mrs. John H. Cottrell, bad scalp wound and body bruised; Mrs. A. A. Cook, Seattle, scalp wounds; Engineer Tim Donahoe, leg broken.

**What Caused the Accident.**

All the others suffered sprains and bruises in jumping. It is the custom of the west-bound train over this road to leave the through sleeper at the "Y" immediately east of the city, where it is taken up by the Montana Union and run through to Garrison. This was done Sunday, but before the Union appeared a Northern Pacific freight, double-header, thundered along and ran into the sleeper while going at full speed. Mr. Lord was standing on the front platform at the time, and was knocked off and run over by a freight train, being mangled out of all semblance to humanity. He was well-known throughout the west and northwest, having been a member of congress from Michigan before going to Dakota, when he had been prominently mentioned for both congress and the senate. He was register of the land office at Devil's Lake.

### OPPOSED TO THE LODGE BILL.

**Action of Legislatures on the Question of Appropriations.**

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Jan. 26.—The Democratic majority is taking measures to retaliate if the Lodge federal elections bill passes. A bill is being prepared to restore the October elections for state and county offices. Another measure is to withhold the World's fair appropriation. The Democrats held caucus Monday afternoon to ratify these plans.

**West Virginia Falls in Line.**

CHARLESTON, W. V., Jan. 26.—The house, after an acrimonious discussion, passed by a vote of 40 to 20, a resolution offered by Dandridge that in case of the passage of the federal election bill the state will make no World's fair appropriation. Ferguson and Dyer, Democrats voting against it, otherwise a strict party vote being taken. Similar resolutions came up in the senate. Senator St. Clair, Democratic World's fair commissioner, making a hard fight against it.

**Made a Radical Change.**

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Jan. 23.—A new rule went into effect at the county jail Friday morning that nearly created a riot among the fifty prisoners confined there. Card playing, smoking, the use of musical instruments and good fellowship generally is hereafter forbidden, and the prisoners will be kept locked up in their cells except for an hour in the morning and another at night. This is done to make the jail not so desirable a place for chronics to spend the winter.

**A Swindle in Tin Tags.**

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 23.—The report of the board of revision which has been investigating the license department of the city comptroller was made public yesterday. It finds Comptroller Stevens indebted to the city $7,115 in the matter of tin tags. The report says that the board "finds it impossible to account for the excessive payment for tin tags by Comptroller Stevens upon any theory of honest mistake or carelessness."

**A Rockford Man Goes Insane.**

CHICAGO, Jan. 23.—W. W. Lovell, one of the best known and wealthiest citizens of Rockford, Ills., went violently insane while on his wedding tour, and Thursday escaped from a Chicago and Northwestern train at Clybourn avenue crossing. He is now roaming the streets of the city. Lovell's wife and his brother-in-law, W. F. Billings, also of Rockford, were with him at the time.

**A Receiver Appointed.**

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Jan. 26.—A special dispatch received here says that Thomas Campbell has been appointed a receiver of the International and Great Northern railroad, to succeed the late Col. Eddy. Mr. Campbell is at present master mechanic of the road, and lives at Longview, Tex. He is a prominent lawyer and politician of the state, but has had no railroad experience.

**Dickerson Doing Nicely.**

CHICAGO, Jan. 26.—Sir Knight John O. Dickerson, the Emergency hospital patient, who a week ago was the subject of one of the most wonderful skin grafting operatione known to modern surgery, is grogressing rapidly toward recovery. Last Friday Dr. Fenger dressed the wound for the first time since the operation. He expressed himself well satisfied with its appearance.

**Want Uncle Sam to Protest to Russia.**

OMAHA, Neb., Jan. 26.—A meeting of Hebrews, consisting of many of the leading citizens of that faith, was held here yesterday and it was decided to request the Nebraska representatives in congress to use all efforts to secure a protest on the part of the United States against the treatment accorded Jews by Russia and the Russian government.

**No More Prize Fighting in Texas.**

NEW ORLEANS, La., Jan. 26.—The Picayune's Austin (Tex.) special says: A bill passed the senate Saturday making it a felony punishable by imprisonment in the state prison for not less than two nor more than five years to fight a prize fight in this state, either with gloves or without gloves. The bill will pass the house.

**Still Deadlocked in Montana.**

HELENA, Mont., Jan. 23.—The legislative dead-lock is still unsettled. Both parties were caucusing all Thursday and each side made propositions which were refused. Notwithstanding the lack of agreement to date there is now no doubt that the two houses will effect a compromise not later than Monday.

**Curious Fatal Accident.**

BOYD, Wis., Jan. 26.—Warren Hayward, of Auburn, Neb., was killed at Cooper's camp, near this place, Friday, by running under a tree that was lodged in another. The end of a small limb was driven through his brain.

**Failure at Eau Claire, Wis.**

EAU CLAIRE, Wis., Jan. 27.—E. G. Rankin, merchant tailor, made an assignment yesterday to Arthur Smith. Assets, $6,500; liabilities, $5,400.





When Charlemagne and his "Knights of the Round Table" were making war on the Saracens, in Africa, it frequently happened that Knights on either side would fight in single combat for the honor of their respective armies. The Saracens had been, for many years, the scourge — the dreaded invaders — of Europe, and all waged war against this common enemy.

But in these days the worst scourge that threatens us, is that dread invader, *Consumption*.

Dr. Biggs, demonstrator of anatomy in the Bellevue Medical College, who has great opportunity for post-mortem observation, says: "It is a startling fact that of all deaths nearly one out of every seven is caused by consumption."

Consumption fastens its hold upon its victims while they are unconscious of its approach. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured thousands of cases of this most fatal of maladies. But it must be taken before the disease is too far advanced in order to be effective. If taken in time, and given a fair trial, it will cure, or money paid for it will be refunded.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Asthma, severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an unequaled remedy.

For all diseases that arise from a torpid liver and impure blood, nothing can take the place of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Nothing will, after you have seen what it does. It prevents and cures by removing the cause. It invigorates the liver, purifies the blood, sharpens the appetite, improves digestion, and builds up both strength and flesh, when reduced below the standard of health.

For Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Scrofula, or any blood-taint, the "Discovery" is a positive remedy. It acts as no other medicine does. For that reason, it's sold as no other blood medicine is—*on trial*. It's the *cheapest* blood-purifier sold, because you only pay for *the good* you get.

Can you ask more?


**The Dark Spot in Our Government.**

Without the slightest exaggeration we may assert that, with very few exceptions, the city governments of the United States are the worst in Christendom—the most expensive, the most inefficient and the most corrupt.

Among our greater municipalities we naturally look first at New York and Philadelphia. Both are admirably situated; each stands on rising ground with water on both sides; each is happy in position, in climate, in all the advantages to be desired by a great metropolis. In each what is done by individuals is generally well and sometimes splendidly done, and in each what is done by the corporate authorities in matters the most essential to a proper city government is either wretchedly done or left utterly undone.

Everywhere are wretched wharves, foul docks, inadequate streets and inefficient systems of sewerage, paving and lighting. Pavements which were fairly good at the beginning have been taken up and replaced with utter carelessness, and have been prematurely worn out or ruined. Obstacles of all sorts are allowed; tangled networks of wires frequently exist in such masses overhead as to prevent access to buildings in case of fire and almost to cut off the rays of the sun. Here and there corporations or private persons have been allowed to use the streets in such a manner as to ruin them for the general public. In wet weather many of the most important thoroughfares are covered with reeking mud; in dry weather this mud, reduced to an impalpable dust containing the germs of almost every disease, is blown into the houses and into the nostrils of the citizens. — Andrew D. White in Forum.

**Electricity in Mining.**

E. F. Browne, speaking of electricity in mining, says that miners were quickly alive to the advantages offered by the telephone. Most mines are, to a certain extent, in difficult positions on precipitous mountains. The telephone enabled the manager to be in close communication with his mine at all hours, both night and day. When difficult ground or heavy flows of water were encountered, arrangements could be made to control the situation at once, without the loss of hours in communicating the necessity. The electric bell and annunciator now tell the story of what is wanted and what is going on below in deep shafts or inclines. The touch of the button tells the top men and engineers if ore waste, tools or men are coming up, and what level they are coming from.

Another signal tells if timber, wedges, tools or the foreman are required below. Formerly, when a bell rope from 500 to 1,000 feet in length was used, it was so heavily counterweighted or held by such a counter spring that it took an able-bodied man with a six foot run to sound the gong above. Wants were only known by tickets attached to the bucket or slip, or after the toilsome climbing of messengers to the surface. Now the tool "nippers" and the "powder monkey" are the only traveling men in the ground below. The remainder of the shift stays at the level until relieved. When the fact that the human voice cannot be heard over 100 feet under ground is considered, the advantages of electric communication for mining purposes become manifest.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

**In Mortal Peril.**

Dr. C. C. Abbott, in "Outings at Odd Times," tells a tragic tale of an adventure which once befell an old lady, "long, long ago." The spot where she lived was almost a wilderness, and was beset with the perils of a new and scantily settled land.

The now almost forgotten Camden and Amboy railroad was in operation, but though scarcely a mile distant, it was as nothing to her. She knew neither what nor where it was. But where the best whortleberries grew, in the back swamp, that was knowledge worth her possessing.

Although her cousin Abijah had killed a bear there during the winter, she did not stop to think of that, but one day started for berries where few men would care to follow. With a light heart she gathered and gathered, until at length an ominous shrieking fell upon her ears.

"Could it be another bear?" thought she, and turned her face homeward. Her big basket was not quite full, and there were such loads of fruit within easy reach! This was tantalizing, but all her doubt vanished with the second shriller, more unearthly scream.

The path was no longer plain, nor was she surefooted. As she pitched recklessly forward the berries were bounced by handfuls from her basket, and finally in despair she threw aside the basket itself.

And still sounded through the swamp the terrible screeching of that angry bear. At last she could see her cottage through the thickly set trees, but not so plainly the tortuous path. One misstep and she sank waist deep in the yielding mud of an old well, and there she stood screaming until her husband came to the rescue.

"Do be still, Hannah," was his first remark, after she had chokingly called his attention to the still audible cries of the bear, "that's only the new fangled steam ingine whistlin'!"

"And to think," the old lady was wont to remark, on concluding this story, "to think I lost all them beautiful berries!"

**Wanted—Lymph.**

One of the local churches furnishes a calendar every week on which are announced the various services and meetings during the week. The pastor usually has a hand in getting up these calendars, and a few days ago he described a new "disease" which affects church members, and he calls it "Morbus Sabbaticus." He describes it thus: "It attacks church members; comes suddenly, on Sundays, morning and evening. The patient sleeps well on Saturday night, awakes refreshed, eats a hearty breakfast, perhaps reads a Sunday newspaper, but at the ringing of the first church bell (10:15) the sickness begins and continues till the service ends. The patient is then well enough to eat a hearty dinner, after which a walk or a ride is enjoyed. Returning home the supper is greatly relished. But about church time there is another attack of the disease, which lasts about an hour. It is apt to attack the head of the family at first, but the children soon are affected by the contagion."—Springfield Republican.

# THE CITIZEN.

**JOHN F. FINERTY,**
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 31, 1891.


### AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE,
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—J. K. Emmet in "Uncle Joe."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—George Thatcher's Great Minstrels.

COLUMBIA THEATRE,
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Hanlon Bros. in "Superb,"

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st. between Washington and Randolph—Frank Daniels in "Little Puck."

HAYMARKET THEATRE,
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"The Inspecter."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE,
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Hands Across the Sea."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE,
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"After Twenty Years."

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"W. L."—Minneapolis, Minn.—It is a pity that the Rev. Father O'Reilly, of your city, we presume, should deem it necessary to abuse the editor of THE CITIZEN, as well as Mr. Parnell, in his recent lecture. We will not retaliate by abusing the Rev. Father O'Reilly, with whom we have not the honor of a personal acquaintance. If the Rev. Father O'Reilly says that we, among others, "subsist on the wages of servant girls," he must know all about it. Some honest Irish-American "servant girls" subscribe for THE CITIZEN and get value for it in patriotic and other, lore. Hundreds of Irish "servant girls"—a rather harsh description of them by the way—contribute, no doubt, at Christmas and Easter, to the support of the Rev. Father O'Reilly. Has an editor no rights in the matter that a clergyman is bound to respect? If the Rev. Father O'Reilly would stick to the preaching of the word of God, for which he was ordained, he might become a great light in the church. He can hardly reach that eminence if he meddles acrimoniously in secular matters.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

### PARNELL'S PROGRESS.

Even his political enemies are compelled to confess that Mr. Parnell's course since the North Kilkenny election has been marked by dignity, wisdom and firmness. He appeared in the house of commons at the opening of parliament, and took his place as leader of the Irish party, without opposition. He took his seat between Messrs. Justin McCarthy and Thomas Sexton, saluting each of them formally—a salute which was returned in like manner. Nothing could have been in "better form" than the bearing of the Irishmen toward each other in that hostile assembly. It was, in point of fact, a moral triumph, and must have raised the Irish character greatly in the estimation of the formal and self controlled Saxons.

Mr. Parnell, on rising, was immediately recognized by Speaker Peel, and proceeded to move a resolution of censure on Balfour's administration of Irish affairs. On being informed that notice of a similar motion had been given by Mr. John Morley, Mr. Parnell, with the courtesy of a chivalrous parliamentarian, said he was willing to leave the matter in the hands of that gentleman.

Mr. T. M. Healy is about the only one of the anti Parnellite members who commits himself to undignified, and plainly unnecessary, language on Irish platforms. It is a pity that that gifted young Irishman should lower himself in public estimation by adopting the style of stump eloquence common among scolding fishwives. He only injures himself and his cause, such as it is, by such ill considered, and ill tempered, public exhibitions.

The conduct of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien since their return to Europe has been admirable. Gladstone has announced that he is willing to accept Parnell's terms in regard to Home Rule, but the old gentleman is likely to change his mind again within twenty four hours. In fact, the older Mr. Gladstone grows the more changeable he becomes.

Mr. Parnell made several remarkable speeches at Limerick on Jan. 11. In the course of one of them he said:

"Believe me, fellow-citizens, that the welcomes that I have received in the chief cities of Leinster and Munster, in Dublin, in Cork, and in Limerick, impress me—if impression were necessary, but it is not—with the grave responsibility which has rested upon me, and which must continue to rest upon me until Ireland obtains the right to make her own laws on her own soil—a responsibility which was never heavier than at the present moment. Some people say I am prompted by insane ambition, and others say that I have cast on one side an honorable position, and that I now intend to throw in my lot with the enemies of my country. These assertions are made by Irishmen scarcely at all—

"A Voice—'Tim Healy' (prolonged hissing)

"Mr. Parnell—They are made, with few exceptions, by the English press and by hypocritical English public opinion. They are made by men, by Englishmen, who mistake the relative position of England and Ireland in the alliance which we have entered into with them. We entered into an honorable alliance—an alliance, if you will, of a weaker nation with a stronger nation, but still of a nation with a nation—and for you I claim, for the Irish people I claim, that the decision on all matters relating to your own affairs and to your own interests and business shall be decided by you, and by you alone."

His sentiments were received with great enthusiasm by the immense concourse of people, estimated at 30,000, who had assembled to greet him. He did not shirk a single question either. In dealing with the action of the Irish Catholic bishops in his regard, he displayed a frankness and a boldness worthy of the best efforts of Daniel O'Connell. The following passages in his speech swept over his audience like an autumnal storm and carried them irresistably along with the orator:

"I have not sought to stir up strife: but I will show these men what our position is before the battle is finished. I say that I have not sought to stir up strife, which I have done so much to allay, which I have taken so much responsibility on myself to allay. I have not sought to stir up strife, and I will not seek to stir it up. I know what strife is, and God knows we don't want to enter into any battle unnecessarily, but if they drive us into a battle we will fight it out (loud cheers.) Yet I hope they may not. Who commenced this strife? (Voices—'Healy;' hisses) Oh, no, it was not any Irishman. (Voices—'Gladstone,' hisses.) The bishops said that it is all a question of morality. (Cries of 'No, no.') I say it is not a question of morality (cheers.)

"A Voice—You are as good now as ever you were.

"Another Voice—What about Willie Abraham? (Laughter and cheers.)

"Mr. Parnell—If it had been a question of morality these estimable men would have interfered at once. But they were too late (hear, hear.) They waited for a whole fortnight before they expressed their opinion; they waited until Gladstone (hisses and groans), until Stead, and every miserable old woman in England desirous of airing his virtue had interfered and expressed his opinion before they expressed theirs; and with all reverence for any bishop, and with all reverence for any priest, and with all reverence for any church, I declare as a man, and as an Irishman, it is not open to the Irish bishops to claim they had interfered on the question of morality, because they were too late. No, it was a question of politics; and I know the Irish people are better judges of politics and have better convictions and truer sentiments in their heart's core, and know what they should do in danger and emergency better than any body of men, however learned and however illustrious."

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, archbishop of Dublin, has replied to the portion of Mr. Parnell's speech, just quoted, in a spirit of mild protest, and has asked "Can Catholics' follow the lead of Mr. Parnell in a moral sense?" to which the Dublin *Freeman* has most trenchantly replied "The business of the Irish people with Mr. Parnell is entirely political." If the Irish leader were inclined to retaliate upon some of his accusers in the Irish Parliamentary party, he could do so with crushing effect, according to the statements of well informed persons both it this country and in Ireland; but he is not made of that kind of material. He is not going to play the game of the common enemy by stirring up bitter personal antagonism among those whom Ireland regards as her chosen men. The Irish people fully appreciate Mr. Parnell's magnanimity under strong provocation, and the magnificent reception accorded him by the people of Waterford last Sunday still further strengthens his position. It is evident that he holds a place in the hearts of the Irish people from which he cannot be dislodged by any effort of his enemies, whether Celtic or Saxon. The "lunatic fatuity" of John Pope Hennessy, lately elected member for North Kilkenny, in casting his first vote with the Tory government further illustrated to the Irish people the fact that Parnell's intuition was infallible when he refused to allow the old place-beggar to capture North Kilkenny without a struggle. Although it is true that Mr. Parnell made no objection to Hennessy at the outset, before the secession occurred, it is equally true that Hennessy's manifesto opened Parnell's eyes to his true character, and led him to do battle against his election.

### MR. CAMPBELL'S DEATH.

The body of Mr. Benjamin Campbell, Sr., for eight years United States marshal of the Northern District of Illinois under the administration of General Grant, was found in the river near Rush street bridge by a young man named Meehan, on Wednesday morning. The remains were fully identified by the sons of the deceased gentleman. Mr. Campbell, while laboring under an attack of typhoid fever, which induced temporary insanity, disappeared from home on the evening of Nov. 28, and his fate remained a mystery until Meehan made his ghastly discovery. The coroner's jury found a verdict of accidental death. Mr. Campbell was a native of King William county, Virginia, and came to Galena, Ill., many years ago. He subsequently settled in this city, and acquired a great fortune. He was a liberal man in all his views, and had the sincere respect of the community, irrespective of party or creed. He leaves several sons and daughters, all well known in business and social circles. The youngest daughter, Miss Jessie Campbell, died of typhoid fever soon after her father's disappearance. The double bereavement has filled the hearts and homes of the surviving members of the Campbell family with gloom.

### A VERY COMMON FELLOW ANSWERED.

The Junior Order of American Mechanics—judging by their sentiments they are what Edmund Burke would call "Architects of Ruin"—had a demonstration at the Armory of the Second Regiment last Tuesday evening. The Rev. E. O. Murray, of Englewood, delivered an address on "Our Public Schools" in which he "pitched into" the Irish people, the Catholic priesthood and other elements of the body politic, hated by the devil, the Knownothings and the Orange order. He advised, among other things, that the Jesuits "be given forty days to clear out of the country." Mr. Murray was generous. Why did he not say one day? The Jesuits, as a matter of fact, have often to "clear out," on spiritual duty, at a moment's notice. Mr Murray is the kind of clerical fool who brings ridicule on aggressive Protestantism. With his ministerial attire laid aside, THE CITIZEN has no doubt that the Rev. Mr. Murray is a very common fellow. He is jealous of his mental superiors, and imagines that coarse abuse of them is striking argument.

The Hon. R. S. Tuthill, judge of the Circuit court, was present. He attended the meeting with the expectation of hearing American, not Knownothing, sentiment. When the Rev. Murray had concluded his indecent tirade, Judge Tuthill rose to his feet and delivered a rattling address on "Patriotism," in the course of which he said:

"I am not a Roman Catholic, nor the son of a Roman Catholic, neither am I an Irishman. My ancestors were Protestants and I am an American, but as an American and a gentleman I must refuse to sit still in any gathering where any religious denomination, be it Protestant, Methodist, or Catholic, is denounced as the Catholics have been denounced tonight. I fought through the war by the side of Irishmen and Catholics. I fought under the gallant Sheridan, who more than any other of our generals, with perhaps one exception, was instrumental in bringing that starry flag through danger and peril to victory. You, I notice, have Lincoln's picture on your banners. What would Lincoln say if he were here and heard the attack on the countrymen and co-religionists of Archbishop Hughes, who did so much to aid him in his efforts to bring our land safely to peace?"

Judge Tuthill evidently found himself in bad company. The Knownothings are the Orangemen of America, and are chiefly descended from the Tories who sought to strangle this republic at its birth.

### GLADSTONE'S POOR MEMORY.

The Irish parliamentary leader has, undoubtedly, got his "second wind," and is, if possible, more formidable in his particular line of action against English domination in Ireland than at any other period of his remarkable career. After referring to Mr. Gladstone's statement that he (Parnell) had not made objection to any of the ex prime minister's suggestions as to a modified home rule bill during the Hawarden conference, Mr. Parnell, addressing the citizens of Limerick a few days ago, quoted from his letter to Mr. Cecil Rhodes, premier of Cape Colony, and an intense home ruler, in the following manner:

"March, 1890 (private)—Dear Mr. Rhodes." Then there is some introductory matter which does not bear upon the present question.

I have been thinking of writing you for some time past, as I thought you might like to hear some of the views entertained by the Liberal leaders upon certain points, as I learned them at Hawarden. Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have been considering very fully the direct question of the retention of the Irish members and there appeared to be three alterations. (This was the question in which Mr. Rhodes was interested).

1. The retention of all Irish members for all purposes.
2. The retention of all Irish members for Imperial purposes.
3. The retention of a reduced number (34) for all purposes.

Mr. Gladstone told me that the conclusion at which he and his colleagues had unanimously arrived was overwhelmingly in favor of the last alternative—viz, the reduction of the number of the Irish members to 34, but that it had been agreed that no public reference should be made to their views on this point, and that the matters should remain perfectly private and confidential. I represented to him that I could not yet express my concurrence in the proposed reduction in view of the unsatisfactory state in which the question connected with the constabulary and the judicial body had been left.

And then I go on to say:

With a reduced Irish representation it might easily happen that a conservative government might come in, and with the constabulary and judicial authority under their control might treat us as badly as they are doing now. From this point of view a reduced representation would be dangerous.

And then I go on to discuss certain alternative methods in which this difficulty might be got over, but as the question is no longer a question of reduced representation but a question of something being made clear in the bill itself, that the question of the constabulary and of the judicial body and the land question shall be placed upon a satisfactory basis; it is not necessary for me to go into that portion, and then I conclude, "Yours very truly, Charles Stewart Parnell." (Loud cheers). Now this is what Mr. Gladstone says: "Not to one of my suggestions did Mr. Parnell offer serious objection." If I did not offer objection to Mr. Gladstone's why did I offer objection to Mr. Cecil Rhodes? I wrote to Mr. Rhodes:

That I could not yet express my concurrence in the proposed reduction, in view of the unsatisfactory state in which the question connected with the constabulary and the judiciary had been left.

I did not write this letter to Mr. Rhodes in view of this controversy (no, no). It was written nine months before the controversy. I object to three points in this letter to Mr. Rhodes. I object to the reduction of the Irish members, and I object to the unsettled state in which the question connected with the constabulary and the judicial body had been left. It is preposterous for Mr. Gladstone, under these circumstances, to withhold any longer from publication this memorandum which he says he has (hear, hear), and which deals with this question."

It seems to THE CITIZEN that Mr. Parnell has fully disposed of the charges of "bad faith" recently made against him by the English Liberal leaders in connection with his famous manifesto to the Irish people. In the matter of memory, Mr. Parnell at forty four, is much more likely to be correct than Mr. Gladstone at eighty-one. THE CITIZEN would not willingly accuse Mr. Gladstone of deliberate mis statement but it has little faith in his retentive recollection at the advanced age which he has attained. The old gentleman "put his foot in it" badly when he demanded the political sacrifice of Mr. Parnell. He ran, to use the expressive Mississippi steamboat term, "against a snag," and the best thing he can do now is to "spar off" and make for a convenient sandbar before he fills with water and goes to the bottom.

### FRANCE IS ALL RIGHT.

A Paris cable correspondent announces that the French Cabinet has been seriously annoyed by a statement, for which THE CITIZEN is responsible, to the effect that the Minister of the Interior had instructed the Commissioners of Police of Boulogne sur mer to exercise active surveillance over the Irish patriots. The French government asserts that no such instructions were issued. We accept the explanation, and say *Vive la Republique!*

### UNMANLY JOURNALISM.

The *Munster Express*, published at Waterford, Ireland, and some others of our Irish contemporaries, have copied the song "Parnell Aboo," without giving credit to THE CITIZEN or its editor. This is unmanly journalism. The song was rendered at the great Limerick Parnell meeting amid much enthusiasm.

### OUR SCOTCH GAELIC FRIENDS.

The Gaelic Society of New York have received an answer from Mr. MacKinnon to their address to the Highland Scotch. The full text of the address, with its translation into English, was recently published in THE CITIZEN. It was also published in other Irish American journals, and was given in full in the New York *Sun*. A full translation of Mr. MacKinnon's reply has not yet reached us. It will be given it Gaelic and English in an early issue of THE CITIZEN. The reply is, it appears, written in such very bad Scotch Gaelic of the newest and most corrupt kind, that our New York Gaelic savants are sorely exercised to make it out. But they will probably ultimately decipher it. It seems strange that Mr. MacKinnon, who is professor of Gaelic in Edinburgh, who gets £500 a year for teaching it, and who *must* be thoroughly familiar with the classic form of that language as given in Irish and Scotch manuscripts of the sixteenth and earlier centuries, should have replied to such an important document written in correct Gaelic, in the corrupted dialect of the modern Scotch. It was discourteous to say the least about it. If a literary society writes from America to a society in England of a kindred nature, the reply is not expected to be in the dialect of a Yorkshire "chaw bacon," but in the language of Shakespeare and Milton. The Gaelic Society of New York wrote to the representative Scotch Gaelic scholar of the day—or one who, from his position, should be such—in the classic Gaelic of Ireland and Scotland, but he saw fit to reply to them in a *patois* that would be almost as incomprehensible as Choctaw to his own great-grandfather, or any of his contemporaries.

THE CITIZEN will publish Mr. MacKinnon's letter at the very earliest opportunity, or as soon as our learned friends of the Gaelic Society shall have succeeded in deciphering it.

H.

### REV. FATHER LONERGAN.

The Rev. Father Lonergan, recently assistant pastor of St. John's church in this city, has been appointed parish priest at Amboy, Ill. Father Lonergan is entirely worthy of the high honor conferred upon him, as he is one of the hardest working clergymen in the archdiocese. The acolytes of St. John's presented Father Lonergan before his departure for Amboy with a beautiful souvenir.

THE Limerick *Leader* states that after the monster demonstration in favor of Mr. Parnell, that gentleman and the members of the reception committee adjourned to Cruise's Hotel, where Mr. Joseph P. Gaffney gave a successful rendering of "Parnell Aboo." By the by, the *Leader*, cunningly enough, claims the editor of THE CITIZEN'S song as an original contribution to its columns. It is needless to add that it originally appeared in the pages of THE CITIZEN on Dec 20

MR AND MRS W. J. MCGARIGLE, of this city, are sadly afflicted in the death of their sweet little four year old daughter, who fell a victim to that dread disease, diphtheria, during the week.

### BISHOP BURKE'S SERMON.

**An Able Discourse Delivered at St. James' Catholic Church by the Right Rev. Bishop of Cheyenne.**

The Right Rev. Maurice Burke, bishop of Cheyenne, Wy., delivered the sermon at St James' Catholic church, Wabash avenue and Twenty-ninth street, at high mass last Sunday. His discourse was a very able one, and claimed high ground for the Catholic mind in the march of modern civilization. We live, he said, in a wonderful age, when the genius of man seems to actually make subject to his purposes the elements themselves. Time and space are annihilated by human science and ingenuity. So practical had the age become that men did not have the time to go into the controversial points of religion as they did three hundred years ago, or one hundred years ago, or even fifty years ago. Let any Catholic ask his Protestant friends and neighbors what their religious belief was, and, perhaps, nine out of ten would reply that they did not belong to any particular denomination, although they believed in Christianity as a general theory. Yet, all the great charities, secular or infidel, which sprang up outside the Catholic church, were, all unknown to themselves perhaps, but the developments of the Christian precepts of human charity, laid down by the Savior of mankind nearly 1900 years ago. Every element of practical charity, no matter what it might be termed, had a purely Christian foundation. Christ taught charity by the shores of the Sea of Galilee, and His teachings bore fruit throughout the world, even though those who practiced them denied, or were indifferent, to the Divine Founder of their good works.

Bishop Burke then paid a splendid tribute to the advancement of Catholic thought and action in the United States, and claimed that the foundation stone of this great government—the constitution of 1789—had been laid by the Catholics who had settled the colony of Maryland. He also eulogized the noble character and great services of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, who had lived to see the beginning of America's greatness, and who, after having attained a patriarchal age, had died in the faith, proud of being a Catholic. America, the right reverend preacher said, owed much to her Catholic children. They also owed much to her, and no element of her people were more loyal and devoted to her flag and her institutions than they were.

Bishop Burke also said a good word for the Indians, saying that, when decently treated, they were simple and affectionate, as had often been illustrated in their dealings with the Catholic priesthood. He greatly deprecated the blood that had been shed by white and red men alike at Wounded Knee, and elsewhere, during the holiday time, when all should be joy and peace upon the earth. And what was most regretable about the matter was, the bishop said, that the poor savages were driven to violence by sheer hunger and insufficient clothing. As an American, he was ashamed to reflect that our great government, with treasure so great that it could hardly be contained in the national repository, should allow men to become desperate for the difference of a few pounds of meat, or a garment, more or less. He hoped that a more humane policy would prevail, and that there might be no recurrence of the horrible scenes that had recently been enacted on the soil of Nebraska.

Benediction was bestowed by the bishop on the congregation at the conclusion of the high mass.

The distinguished prelate had been visiting his brothers, Messrs. John and James Burke, Grand Boulevard and Thirty fifth street, for some days, and left on Tuesday for his Wyoming diocese.

### FATHER HAGAN'S BAZAAR.

The Catholics of La Grange are preparing to hold a grand bazaar and a series of literary entertainments at La Grange Music Hall on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of February. They have a magnificent programme. February 4th, John F. Finerty, editor of THE CITIZEN, will lecture on "Irish Soldiers of America." Mr. Finerty has chosen this subject in deference to the wishes of his friend, Father Hagan, and many non-Catholics of La Grange.

February 5th, St. Stephen's Dramatic Club from the west side, composed of some of the finest amateur talent in Chicago, will perform the beautiful drama of "Eileen Oge," or "Dark's the Hour before the Dawn."

February 6th, the learned jurist and eminent scholar, Judge A. N. Waterman, of the Appellate Court, will lecture on "Travels in Europe." Judge Waterman is not only an able and learned lawyer, but a man of ripe scholarship and profound literary researches His lecture will be illustrated with incidents of personal experience while travelling in Europe, and many of the grave and great questions which are now agitating the old world will be considered.

We earnestly hope the many friends of Father Hagan living in and around Chicago will turn out in numbers and give him every encouragement on this occasion. The proceeds of the bazaar are for building a new Catholic church at La Grange.

Trains leave Union depot, cor. Canal and Adams streets, at 5:15; 5:55; 6:15; 6:35; 7:30, and 8:30 p. m., and return from La Grange almost every hour till 10:30 p. m.

## CAN'T BE BEATEN.

**Parnell Holds the Irish Helm Firmly in His Powerful Grasp, and Cheers the Hearts of the Irish People.**

**Opposition to Him Declining—A Powerful Speech Delivered in Dublin on Jan. 12.**

[*Dublin Freeman, Jan. 13.*]

Mr. Parnell presided at the meeting of the Central Branch of the Irish National League last night. There was a very large attendance, many clergymen being among those present. Reports from all parts of America and Ireland were most encouraging. The secretary reported that £5,000 had been received since the previous meeting.

Mr. C. S. Parnell, whose rising was received with great applause, said: "Gentlemen of the Central Branch of the Irish National League, I have had so many and so abundant opportunities of publicly expressing my views upon the important political position existing at this moment that I am glad to be able to tell you, and I am sure you will join in my delight, that my remarks tonight can be very brief indeed. But before coming to the political portion of what I have to say, I know that I shall interpret your views best, as I certainly shall express my own wishes and sentiments, if I refer to the departure from amongst us of one who has for many years been a most esteemed member of our branch, an earnest worker in the cause and in the Irish National ranks, and who also for many years was one of my respected and loyal colleagues, I mean Alderman John O'Connor (hear, hear), who has been removed from amongst us by the hand of death. I was horrified when opening the newspaper this morning to find that so dear a friend was gone from my side. I wish that he might have been spared to see the cause of Ireland triumph, a cause that he helped so ably and so well. But it must not be so. It only remains for us to express as well as we can the deep feelings of respect and veneration with which we regard his memory, and to vow that we shall take example and profit by that noble example of patriotism and of fortitude which he always so prominently afforded to his fellow workers in the national cause (hear, hear). I think it would be proper for me, when turning to other subjects to deal with

THE CONSPIRACY OF LYING

(hear, hear), which next to billingsgate seems to be one of the most prominent characteristics of our opponents' resources and arguments. I made, as many of you will perhaps have seen, certain statements at Limerick. In one of these statements I disclosed the fact that twenty-four hours, or more than twenty-four hours before the publication of my manifesto in London, I had given Mr. Justin M'Carthy an outline of its leading features or proposed leading features, because at that time the manifesto itself was not in existence, and that I had reason to believe that Mr. M'Carthy had conveyed my statements to Mr. Gladstone, because Mr. Gladstone had so informed him; and had also advised me as to the line that Mr. Gladstone was going to take in reference to these statements when they appeared in the manifesto. This has been attempted—this declaration of mine at Limerick has been attempted to be contradicted by three very important personages—Mr. Stead of the *Pall Mall Gazette* (laughter and groans), Mr. Justin M'Carthy (hisses), and Mr. Gladstone. But like many other people, when they find that the truth has been told, and they do not wish to be discovered in point blank denial of the truth, they invent for me a statement which I never made; and the *Pall Mall Gazette* inquires of Mr. Gladstone "whether it was true, as suggested by Mr. Parnell at Limerick, that Mr. M'Carthy had communicated to him the contents of Mr. Parnell's manifesto before it was published." Now, as you will observe, I did not state either that I had communicated to Mr. M'Carthy or that Mr. M'Carthy had communicated to Mr. Gladstone the contents of my manifesto. For

A VERY GOOD REASON.

My manifesto was not in existence twenty-four hours before its publication. But I did say, and I repeat the statement today, and I am in a position by the mouths of independent witnesses, by contemporary events and statements, to prove the truth of this statement. I did communicate to Mr. M'Carthy an outline of the principle features of the matter which I intended to embody in the manifesto. I communicated to Mr. M'Carthy an outline of what are known as the four points—the questions regarding the constabulary, regarding the judicial bench or body, the land question, and the retention of the Irish members, and Mr. M'Carthy went to Mr. Gladstone with this information, because he told me on two occasions subsequently—once when we were alone together, and another time in Mr. John Redmond's presence—that he had been in communication with Mr. Gladstone, and that Mr. Gladstone intended to deny my statement point blank (cheers). And the occasion upon which he made this statement in the presence of Mr. John Redmond was on the night of the issue of the manifesto—before its issue, before it had been sent to the press; and after I had read it to Mr. M'Carthy—(hear, hear)—he turned around to me and said: "Well, all I can say is this, that as I have already told you, Mr. Gladstone intends to deny every one of these statements point blank." Now, I think, before the end of this controversy is arrived at—if it does go on—the Irish public and the English public will be able to judge as to which side most of the truth rests with (applause). I was pleased to hear from Mr. Harrington that the subscriptions which have come in since our last fortnightly meeting amounted to several thousand pounds. It shows to me that the country is still

practically solid with us and with this organization; that they are not going to desert the organization which has stood by them for twelve years (applause, and cries of "Never") in favor of

A MONGREL COMMITTEE

(laughter), suddenly started up, of mushroom growth, and mainly composed of expectant lawyers (laughter, applause, and cries of "Tim"). I think these subscriptions will go on, and that they will increase (applause). It is of the utmost importance in view of the locking up of the reserve funds in Paris by the action of Mr. Justin M'Carthy, who has served a threatening notice upon Messrs. Monroe, the bankers who have custody of those funds—it is of the utmost importance that every exertion should be made by the people of Ireland for the purpose of sustaining the evicted tenants. These evicted tenants are entitled to everything that we can do for them (hear, hear). They represent the wounded soldiers of the war against landlordism (hear, hear). They are men who undoubtedly have shown the highest and the most perfect form of heroism and of patriotism in the action which they have taken, and it would be disgraceful to this country if their hearts were for one moment allowed to grow faint or their confidence in the determination of the Irish people to stand by them to the end of this struggle diminish for a single instant. I don't wish to speak of my past action in regard to this question of evicted tenants, but I have always felt from the very first that it was of the most vital importance for the future of the National cause, for the satisfactory issue of the National question, as well as for the satisfactory settlement of the Land question, and in no case should any evicted tenants, or any body of tenants, be compelled by the withholding of the most ample support, to make unjust terms with their landlords (hear, hear). I have always been in favor of fair settlements (hear, hear). But I have always devoted every energy and every forethought which it was possible for me to bestow on the subject to the provision for enabling the evicted tenants to settle on a footing and basis of equality with their landlords when the time for settlement came (hear, hear). We have carried on our backs many evicted tenants from 1882, the period of the passing of the Land Act and of the Arrears Act who were left out of those two settlements. We have carried them from that day to this, and not a single estate which had valid claims on the old Land League has been allowed to want its monthly or fortnightly grants for a single day from that day to this (hear, hear). We obtained in 1882 the Arrears Act, which saved, undoubtedly, many thousands of evicted tenants from destruction. In 1886, when

THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN

was started, and when large numbers of tenants, owing to the depression of the times, the depression in prices, the depression in agriculture and other causes came upon the public funds for support and for help, I did everything that I could to see that no single evicted tenant should suffer (hear, hear). I have repeated my pledges from time to time in the house of commons and elsewhere that no matter what my opinion may have been as to the policy of that movement called the Plan of Campaign, yet it was undoubtedly my duty to see so far as it was possible for one man to see that no single one of these tenants should suffer if it was possible for us to prevent that suffering. It is quite possible for the Irish people to prevent these sufferings. The liabilities are not overwhelming. They are serious, they are large, but they are not of such a character as to render it anything but a work of small difficulty for the people of this country to provide for them, and to show them that they recognize the sufferings which these men have endured for the tenant farmers at large, and which have gained great profits in the way of reduction of rent and so forth for the great body of the Irish tenant farmers throughout the country. I would, then, say this, addressing myself to these victims throughout Ireland, do not despair, and do not feel faint hearted, but have confidence that although the time may look dark for you at present, your fellow countrymen will stand by you and will see that in no respect shall you be allowed to suffer (applause). I have spoken at length upon this subject because it is one which has always been nearest my heart. I do not wish to make it a controversial question (hear, hear). I hope it may never be made a controversial question, but certainly I have much to complain of as regards the way in which this question has been handled If I chose to speak on the subject I could speak and refute many of the arguments which have been so unfairly directed against me in reference to liability for the condition of these men and their future prospects. But I prefer not to enter into any such controversy. I prefer to do everything that I possibly can to rescue these men and their families (hear, hear). I see no reason whatever why I cannot be successful (cheers).

THE NEW MEMBERS

proposed today show also that our organization is still the organization of Ireland (applause), and that whether you go to Dublin or Cork or to Limerick, wherever an educated public opinion exists (cries of "Bravo")—wherever the people have an opportunity of reading the speeches, and of studying the action of the Irish leaders and of reading those great instructors of public opinion—the daily newspapers—that in every such case where education and knowledge and patriotism are possessed by the Irish people they are everywhere unanimously on our side and determined to support us (loud applause). Our opponents have to go to the dark corners and holes of Ireland (hear, hear) in order to obtain an audience of voters so ignorant as to vote and support their nominees (hear, hear). We have every confidence not only that we shall win, but that we shall win in a much shorter space of time and with much less confusion, trouble, and distraction in this country than is now so commonly supposed (hear, hear) So, fellow countrymen, I am not downhearted in the slightest degree (applause), I desire to act consistently with the position which I have taken up in this matter from the first. I shall not allow any attacks, however disgraceful, however cowardly, to ruffle my temper (applause). I shall not stir from my purpose (hear, hear), which has been over and over again declared to you and to the world, and I am confident in my own conscience that that purpose is a just one (hear, hear), and that not only is it a just one but that it is a prudent one, and that under no other condition could I conscientiously or fairly act. Having made these declarations I shall stand by them (applause), and I shall ask you, gentlemen, to believe that whatever happens, that in any action that I may take, I have acted in the fullest faith, confidence, and assurance that the interest of Ireland has been safe guarded and secured (loud and prolonged applause).

## IRISH NEWS NOTES.

A tramp entered the house of a carpenter named Thomas O'Brien, of Kilbeg, near Kilworth, broke open a cash-box and stole £79. No trace of the thief has been found.

A farmer named Gallagher was found dead on the Gedshill road, near Tullamore, on Jan. 12.

The was no criminal business at the Dungannon quarter sessions.

Work on the railway extension to Bantry has been commenced. All classes are getting employment on it.

Martin Herman, of Ardmore, near Carna, Galway, was found dead of hunger. He had had no clothing for many years save an old flannel vest and drawers and for eight years went about barefooted, having no means to buy shoes. In his youth and manhood he was considered the strongest man in West Galway. He was a boatman.

A company of the Royal Irish Fusiliers while traveling from Cork to Waterford had an hours delay at Lismore station. Someone called out for three cheers for William O'Brien and Parnell, and immediately hearty cheers were given by the soldiers. The incident created a great deal of pleasantness among the persons who were traveling by the same train as the soldiers. Several Lismore men belong to this regiment, and their friends, who had collected at the platform to meet them, seemed proud of the plucky manner in which the soldiers cheered.

It is reported that there is great distress in Bantry.

The price of potatoes in Midleton is four times greater than that of the corresponding period last year. Poor people are suffering badly.

An alleged attack was made upon the residence of Mayor Gyles, of Ballyrafter, near Lismore, recently. Gyles has filed notice for compensation for the malicious injury done.

The premises No. 56 Capel street, Dublin, occupied by Mr. McKernan, printer, were completely destroyed by fire recently. No insurance.

Mr. John McEnery, on being released from Tullamore jail after nine months imprisonment, was asked by a reporter how much he earned during the nine months, and replied: "On leaving Tullamore I was presented with 2s. I was entitled to 6s 8d, but the balance was stopped as a fine imposed on me by the governor. My offence was speaking to another political prisoner. I looked out of my window one day and saw Michael O'Dwyer, of Clonoulty, who was put with John Kelly. 'How are you?' I shouted. 'Well,' said he, answering back; 'Isn't this a nice place!' I was brought before the governor and deprived of thirty marks, valued at 4s 8d."

On Jan. 14 the first sod of the new waterworks in Castleisland was turned by Mr. John K. O'Connor, P.L.G.

On Jan. 12 a shocking discovery was made at Ballybeg, near Mallow. A large farmer named Daniel Coughlan had been missing from his home for six weeks, and while a party of sportsmen were passing by the banks of the River Aubeg near Ballybeg castle, on the above date, they noticed the body of a man in the river; they proceeded to draw it to the bank, and it was found that a chain was around the neck of the unfortunate man, and to it was attached an iron box used in the construction of the wheels of common carts. The deceased was recognized as the man who had been so long missing. The body presented a frightful spectacle, the head and arm having fallen off in removing it from the water. There is grave suspicion of foul play, and the police are actively engaged in making all inquiries.

William Heahley was sentenced to ten years penal servitude, and James Grant to twelve months, for the murder of John McGrath at Ballingarry.

At the Castlerea star chamber inquiry a young boy about 14 years, son of Michael Duffy, who is at present in Castlebar jail for refusing to give evidence, was summoned. John Corcoran was for the third time brought before Mr. Brady and again refused to be sworn. He was accordingly remanded, and conveyed to Castlebar jail. John Browne and Michael Callaghan were also conveyed to jail for refusing to give evidence. Thomas Sampey and James Creighton have been twice committed, and were again brought up for examination. They refused to give evidence, and are detained in custody.

Constable McSweeney Strangford, was drowned in Strangford lough by the capsizing of a ferryboat.

The Curragh of Kildare will be the scene of another prize fight. Peter Maher, a native of Tuam, and at present champion of Ireland, will meet Gus Lumbert, of London, champion of England, for a wager of £200.

A laborer named Patrick Nolan was sentenced at Carlow petty sessions to six months' imprisonment for using alleged intimidatory language towards a fellow laborer who had remained at work during a strike among the employes of Mr. Haughton, Carlow.

The Kerry county board of the Gaelic Association forwarded a resolution of confidence in Mr. Parnell, signed by seven out of nine members.

The Midleton National League reports that since the branch declared for Mr. Parnell its membership has increased.

Mr. Thomas Connolly, T.C., has been installed mayor of Sligo in succession to John Connolly, ex mayor. The new mayor is a Nationalist.

John Connor and Terence Sullivan, of Currans, county Kerry, were sentenced at the Nenagh assizes to twelve months' imprisonment each for assaulting the caretaker of an evicted farm and taking a revolver from him.

At Newry, on Jan. 9, a magisterial investigation was held as to the death of Margaret Mooney, whose husband was charged with her murder, at their residence at Lamnabarrie, near Warrenpoint. Bernard Mahony, a son of the deceased, and Mary McEvoy, daughter of deceased, both of whom reside in Liverpool, gave evidence as to ill treatment and abusive and threatening language of the accused towards his wife on many occasions. Sergt. Flynn gave evidence that the prisoner made a statement to him in which he said that the deceased fell out of bed. He found no blood on any of the prisoner's clothes, but a stick found in the bedroom, with blood and hairs adhering to it, was produced. The prisoner, who cried bitterly, was committed for trial to the Downpatrick assizes, and was lodged in Belfast jail.

A little child named Dorgan, living in Midleton street, Queenstown, was burned to death recently.

A lad named Patrick Byrnes died in Barrington's Hospital, Limerick, from the effects of a blow from a stone accidentally received while out "hunting the wren" on the 26th ult.

John O'Flanagan died at Limerick from the effects of a blow from a stone, how sustained did not transpire.

An inquest was held at Auburn, Athlone, on the body of Thomas Murray, who was burned to death in his house. He was an invalid, and it is believed that he fell forward into the fire while sitting close to it. When found he was dead. A verdict of accidental death was returned.

An inquest was held at Cornahull, near Athlone, on the body of a woman named Maria Hynds, who was found dead in a well near her house. According to the evidence the deceased appeared to have been overcome by an attack of paralysis while at the well, and falling in was unable to save herself.

Doctor Stephenson, Carrick on Suir, was elected medical officer of Ballyduff in place of Dr. Dennehy, who was removed from the position by the local government board. A large force of police was drafted into the place on election day.

At the Newcastlewest board of guardians, Jan. 8, a letter was read from the local government board in reference to the resolution of the guardians requesting them to recommend the advancement of a loan of £1,060, the cost of erecting a building for the accommodation of the Sisters of Mercy, who are about to take charge of the union hospitals, stating that they were informed that the board of of works do not advance money for the improvement of or addition to workhouse buildings. The guardians, it appears, relying on the advancement of the loan, had declared a contractor for the work, and the building is now almost completed. The required money must, therefore, go on the rates.

On Jan. 7 the body of a laborer named James Clarke, aged 40, was found on the public road, near Caherconlish.

Tom Cashen, one of the oldest inhabitants of New Ross, died on Jan. 5.

A movement is said to be on foot to concentrate all the regular military troops at the Curragh camp, doing away with all the other barracks in Ireland, with the exception of three.

On Jan. 8, Patrick Ternan, J.P., died at his residence, Listoke House. Mr. Ternan was a magistrate of the town of Drogheda and of the county Louth, and filled the office of high sheriff of Louth for 1890.

The Very Rev. James O'Reilly, P.P., expired rather suddenly at his residence, Newtownforbes, on Jan. 8.

At a meeting of the Edenderry National League, held on Sunday, Jan. 4, a resolution supporting Mr. Parnell was carried by nine votes to one. The parish priest, Rev. J. Kinsella, left the room when the motion was brought on; but the Rev. P. Bolger, C.C., remained and voted in favor of the resolution.

An old woman named Dora Dowling died suddenly on New Year's eve at Crosskeys, near Monasterevan.

On Jan. 4 there died in one of the plan of campaign huts at Coolroe, one of the evicted tenants named Margaret Cullen, at the ripe old age of 83 years. She was the mother in-law of Patrick Cullen, one of the first of the tenants evicted by James E. Byrne, and for some time past had been in delicate health.

Daniel Handley and James Handley were arrested on Jan. 7 in Ballyvaltron, on the charge of being concerned in the murder of the old woman, Mary A Lyons, at her little shop in Barindarrig, on Dec. 14. They were conveyed to Wicklow and brought before Mr. McGee, J. P., who remanded them, pending the magisterial investigation. It is thought other arrests will be made.

Bartholomew Sullivan, who was sentenced at the Nenagh winter assizes to be hanged in Tralee on Feb. 2, for the murder of Patrick Flahive, in Ballyheigue, in August, 1886, arrived there on Jan. 5, from Limerick, escorted by a large force of police. A crowd assembled at the station to catch a glimpse of the unfortunate man, who was driven on an outside car to the county jail.

The people of Boyle are about erecting a memorial cross to the memory of the Very Rev. Charles O'Malley, their late pastor.

On Can. 9 an old woman named Sarah McCourt was found dead at her own house in Poyntzpass.

Reports from Dunaff Head district, on the Swilly side of the peninsula of Inishowen, record extraordinary takes of white fish and herring.

A very sad accident occurred at Enniskillen, on Jan. 8, by which a boy named William Gallagher, aged 13, lost his life while skating.

On Jan. 7 Edward O'Brien, another of the Dublin "Invincibles" convicted in 1883 of conspiracy, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, was released from Downpatrick prison. It is understood the remaining Invincibles will be discharged about June.

The Rev J. J. Flynn, who has occupied the position of prior of the Dominican Order in Tralee for some years, has been succeeded in that office by the Very Rev. Father Ryan, of Waterford.

The first sod of the proposed Kenmare (government) railway having been turned by Mrs. Townsend Trench (wife of the well known land agent), a committee headed by Archdeacon O'Sullivan, P.P., on Jan. 8, presented the lady with an address and a silver spade. Subsequently the committee were entertained at luncheon at Lansdowne Lodge, where Archdeacon O'Sullivan, in a very effusive speech, proposed the health of Lord Lansdowne—the very man who had exterminated hundreds of the families that once composed the speaker's spiritual flock! The "presentation committee," besides the Archdeacon, comprised Messrs. W. McCarthy, Thos. Guinan, Dr. Mayberry, Daniel O'Brien Corkery, Richard Aldwell, Wm. Horgan, Daniel Maybury, Daniel F. O'Sullivan, William Maybury, Joseph Mansfield, Laurence Egan, M. Clifford, John Morgan, Robert McClure, Richard O'Sullivan, and Charles J. Maybury.

The first vessel specially built for the Manchester ShipCanal trade was launched at Belfast on Jan. 3, by Messrs. McIlwaine & McColl. The new vessel, which has been named the Manchester, is the pioneer steamer of a direct service which is about to be established between Belfast and Manchester, with Liverpool as a port of call. She is built of steel, and is 180 feet long, but only 14 feet deep. Another vessel for the same company, of which Messrs. Lowther & Co., Belfast, are the managing directors, will be ready in a few months.

A man named Valentine Kelly was arrested at Clifden on Dec. 27, on the charge of marring with his own private brand 119 head of cattle, the property of John Burke, clerk of Clifden union, who died intestate about a week previously. Kelly had been acting as shepherd and general manager for Mr. Burke.

Miss Minnie Heenan, daughter of John Heenan, of county Armagh, was drowned while skating.

On Friday, Dec. 26, the Very Rev. Dean Quinn, P.P., Beragh, was attacked with apoplexy, and died the following Tuesday morning.

On Jan. 2 a goods train leaving Clones at 8:30 on approaching Monaghan road station, came in collision with a lorry manned by three surface men. The granger, a man named Hannivan, was killed. Another, named Sherry, was seriously injured.

On New Year's Day, an accident occurred in Donaghadee, by which two men named John Stevenson, of Belfast, and Francis Nelson of Donaghadee, narrowly escaped death. It would appear that the men, neither of whom was experienced in the use of dynamite, had been sinking a well for Mrs. Houston, of Donaghadee, and while engaged in boring a hole in the rock with a jumper, the instrument came in contact with a charge of dynamite which had been placed in a part of the shaft which was in close proximity to where they had been boring. A terrific explosion took place, and both men were more or less injured, but Stevenson presented a pitiable sight. One of his eyes was blown out, and the other considerably injured. Nelson's face and hands were severely cut, but his condition is not considered dangerous.

## CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.

[To the Editor.]

The first regular meeting for the year 1891 of the St. Ann's Branch, No. 2, of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, was held on Friday evening, the 23 inst., in Kerwin's hall, corner Wentworth ave. and Fifty-fifth street, and was largely attended. The principal business of the evening was the installation of officers for the present year. The Hon. Wm. J. Bulger, assistant city attorney, who is chairman of the supreme board of trustees for the association, duly installed the officers. He complimented the branch upon its vigorous and healthful condition, and predicted, from the rapidity of its recent growth, that it would soon be the peer, if not the superior, of any branch of the association, in the number, quality and zeal of its membership. He was pleased to be able to announce that in a recent interview with the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, he received permission from the archbishop to state that the society had his hearty and unqualified approbation. The officers installed for this year are: President, F. J. Ryan; First Vice President, J. G. Wallace; Second Vice President, J. McKernan; Treasurer, J. G. Wallace; Rec. Sec., R. W. Wolfe; Asst. Rec. Sec., J. P. Cronin; Financial Sec., Jas. M. Flynn; Chancellor, J. McGrath; Marshall, J. G. Dissette; Guard, Absolom Perry; Trustees, J. Fitzgerald, M. Fitzhenry, J. McKernan, Jas. Walsh and E. F. Hyland; Spiritual Advisor, Rev. F. Reynolds.

The Catholic Mutual Benefit Association was organized in July, 1876, by Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, and was duly incorporated by the state legislature of the state of New York in 1879, since then thousands of branches have been formed throughout the United States and Canada, until today it has an enrolled membership of 31,000. The object and purpose of its constitution is to promote the moral, mental, social and material condition of its members, and to educate them in the economic virtues of integrity, sobriety and irugality. Besides being solicitous for its sick and needy members, one of its greatest cares is to aid and assist the families of its deceased members. There is a beneficiary fund in connection with the association which is made up of assessments upon its members, the assessments being graded according to age. In a comparison of late official statistics of the 140 mutual benefit associations of all classes and denominations doing business under the laws of the state of New York, the C. M. B. A. stands pre eminent among them all for its solvency, its cheapness as a life insurance organization, and the smallness of its death rate. This desirable condition has been attained by the skillful and conscientious care which the board of medical examiners exercise in passing candidates for admission. There is also a reserve fund which up to the present time has accumulated to a total of $80,000, which can be called upon in case of an emergency, such as arising from an epidemic, or in case of unexpected great mortality. This reserve fund has only been in existence two years. It obviates the necessity of calling, on any event, for any assessments in excess of the normal rate. There has been paid by the society since its organization, 14 years ago, the sum of two and a half millions of dollars to the widows and children of deceased members, and the total value of certificates issued up to the 1st of January, 1891, is over sixty millions of dollars. The average cost of a $2 000 policy in the C. M. B. A. is only $16 per annum, including dues and assessments. It has amongst its members 600 priests several bishops, two archbishops and one cardinal. On the whole it can be truly said of the organization that it cannot be excelled as a life insurance investment as to safety, cheapness, or promptitude of payment, and for a strictly Catholic society there is none to equal it. Although the society may be said to be only in its infancy in Chicago, it is bidding fair to outstrip any similar association of its kind in the city. It is like the members who compose it, young, vigorous, and ambitious. All information concerning the society can be obtained from the secretary, R W. Wolfe, No. 5158 Wentworth avenue, Chicago, or from the undersigned at No. 164 Randolph street.

F. J. RYAN.

## PERSONAL.

Mr. and Mrs. John Carley, residents of New South Wales for the last twenty-four years have been guests at the Commercial Hotel, this city, since New Years Day, and left last Monday for Westport, county Mayo, Ireland, which was Mr. Carley's former home. He intends to make his home there in future.

It is reported that the Rev. Father Gill, of this city, has been appointed bishop of St. Joseph, Mo.

## "Parnell Aboo" Club.

The Parnell Aboo Social Club, organized on Jan 6, will hold its first entertainment at Cline's parlors, Huron and Wells streets, this (Saturday) evening, Jan. 31. Recitations will be rendered, and songs given, by some of the best talent in the city. The clubs tug-of-war team challenges all comers. A club swinging exhibition will be given by Willie Crowley, the "five year old wonder," and these, and other, attractions will be followed by a ball. Following are the officers of the club: President, Michael Punch; vice president, James Fitzpatrick; recording secretary, Thomas McPhillips; financial secretary, Timothy Cullinane; treasurer, P J. Duffy.

## Light Hearts and Plenty Money.

MR. EDITOR: I have just completed my first week's work with my Plating Machine and have $42 profit as a reward. I am charmed with the business; the work is easy and profits large. I bought my Plater from W. H. Griffith & Co., Zanesville, Ohio, for $3, and I feel confident if people only knew how cheaply they would get a Plater and how much money they could make with it, we would see many happy homes, "where penury now exists." It is surprising the amount of tableware and jewelry people want plated, and if persons now idle would send to the above address and get a circular, and go to work, they would soon have light hearts and plenty money.

MRS J. C NOBLE.

THE second instalment of the "Talleyrand Memoirs," to be published in the February *Century*, will be devoted entirely to Talleyrand's narration of his personal relations with Napoleon Bonaparte. Talleyrand apologizes for taking office under the Directory, describes his first meeting with Bonaparte, tells how the First Consul snubbed an old acquaintance, and relates other anecdotes of Napoleon tending to emphasize the weaknesses and vanities of the emperor. Talleyrand criticizes Napoleon's Spanish policy, and gives a detailed account (from notes which he had taken of the conversation) of an interview that Napoleon had at Erfurt with Goethe and Wieland.

ALL MEDICAL authorities agree that catarrh is no more nor less than an inflammation of the lining membrane of the nasal air passages. Nasal catarrh and all catarrhal affections of the head are not diseases of the blood, and it is a serious mistake to treat them as such. No conscientious physician ever attempts to do so. It is held by eminent medical men that sooner or later a specific will be found for every disease from which humanity suffers. The facts justify us in assuming that for catarrh at least a positive cure already exists in Ely's Cream Balm.

"DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE," for February, opens with a biographical sketch of its founder, with portrait; Peter McCorry's second letter from Ireland; a good article on the Treatment of the Indians, by Mr. Henry L. Richards; Sayings of Cardinal Newman are continued; Glimpses of Irish Industries; The Dark Ages, by Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy; My Visit to La Trappe, by Thomas A. Dwyer; Youghal, by Rosa Mulholland. With a great variety of other articles.

THE February *Arena*, in addition to a brilliant array of American authors, presents two papers of great interest by foreign essayists. Camille Flammarion, probably the most eminent European astronomer, writes at length on "New Discoveries on Mars." His paper is accompanied with a full page geographical map of this wonderful star, as prepared by Flammarion and other leading astronomers. It also contains two small maps illustrating strange changes that have recently taken place on one portion of Mars. The distinguished Frenchman's paper in the short compass of sixteen pages gives the busy reader the important astronomical discoveries of recent years in a nutshell.


**Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.**

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

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**Something Interesting to Every Family**

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

**INFORMATION WANTED**

Of Patrick Linehan, who, when last heard from, was living in Chicago, in the Stock Yard parish. Any information of him will be thankfully received by his aunt,

ELLEN CONNELL,
No. 11 Albany st., Boston, Mass.

**FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC**

**Would rather be without bread**

BISHOP'S RESIDENCE, Marquette, Mich., Nov. 7, 1889.

The Rev. J. Kosshiel of above place writes: I have suffered a great deal, and whenever I feel now a nervous attack coming I take a dose of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic and feel relieved. I think a great deal of it and would rather be without bread than without the Tonic.

**Cured entirely after 12 years!**

TONAWANDA, Erie Co., N. Y., Febr. 1889.

My daughter had fits from fright since 13 years, sometimes 3 to 4 attacks within 24 hours without any warning; during these spells her thumbs would be cramped toward the inside of her hands, her mouth be drawn sideways, her neck would swell up, and her face assumed a blueish color, this would last from 10 to 15 minutes after that she slept, was drousy for about 2 hours.—We tried many remedies without any improvement, but 6 bottles of Pastor Koenigs Nerve Tonic cured her at last; we therefore recommend this remedy to all sufferers.

JOHN EDIN.

Our **Pamphlet** for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent **free** to any address, and **poor** patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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## THE BRISTOL BELL.

When George the Second in Albion's Isle
Defended the faith, 'twas a weary while
Ere a ship that sailed from Rhode Island's shore
Could return to the colonist port once more.

And the churchmen of Bristol, who'd hoarded well
And sent across seas for an English bell,
Had waited full many a month and long
For the cheer of their new built steeple's song

But at last the good vessel at Newport lay,
And a brave little sloop sailed down the bay
To carry the bell to Bristol town,
That shone 'neath St. Michael's with wide renown.

Though the brave sloop's men numbered only two,
Their pride was enough for a galleon's crew,
And their bosoms swelled as they fondly thought
Of the fame for themselves in the bell they brought

The sky never looked so blue to them,
And even "Despair" seemed an island gem
In the beautiful spread of the sun lit bay—
For when pride is at work, it works that way.

"The deck is too lowly a place," they said,
"For our glorious cargo; high overhead
Let's hoist it, that there its far heard peal
May speak for the righteous joy we feel."

So up to the cross trees the bell they swung,
Forgetting by mere mischance its tongue;
"What matter!" cried brawny Waldron, "I
Will smite it myself 'neath the arching sky!"

Then aloft he sped with a mighty sledge
To waken the sounds from the slumbering edge
Of the church's treasure; no greater bliss
Had fallen to Waldron's lot than this

"Give ear, good helmsman!" he cried aloud,
As he reached the top of the slender shroud,
And praise to himself for his prowess spoke,
And curved his arm for the wondrous stroke.

D-o-n-g! G'orious tone! How its echoes ran
Around and across the horizon's span!
Did ever a sound so full and clear
Earapture a listening mortal's ear?

"Again!" cried the steersman in mad delight,
"Still a lustier note from the metal smite!"
And exultant his comrade called back, "Be it so!
And Bristol shall hear it this time, I trow!"

Oh, the ponderous blow that descended then—
'Twas beyond all telling of song or pen;
For alack and alas! by ill fortune's whim
It cracked the church bell from top to rim!

Then woe for the pitiful homeward sail,
And the crestfallen heroes glum and pale,
With an eager crowd on the wharf, to be met
With naught but a prayer to forgive and forget!

How sing of welcome turned to tears,
A payment in worthless weight for years
Of the parish thrift? What words for the shame
That ashore with the crew and their cargo came?

In brief measure their tale they told,
But they'd learned a lesson that's never grown old:
When pride, on land, sea, river or bay,
Is at work, it can work in a wretched way.
—M. A. de Wolfe Howe, Jr., in Youth's Companion.

## AUNTIE'S GHOST STORY.

It was a cold autumn night. The wind was howling without, but inside the great, old fashioned kitchen where we children sat, gathered around the crackling fire, everything was cozy and warm. Aunt Jane had given us a basket of nuts, and we were having great fun cracking them.

We had come to spend a few days with Aunt Jane, who lived in a fine old farm house some miles away from the village. Now, auntie had no children of her own, and so she was always glad when we nieces and nephews came like a young army to take possession of the old house, as she was very kind to us and told us many famous stories.

But, as I said, the wind was having a blustering time of it without, and we were laughing merrily within, and cracking our nuts, when all of a sudden we heard a piercing scream. Of course we all screamed too, dropped our nuts, and sat quite still in fright. Now, Auntie Jane, who is very sensible, and not at all timid, only looked up from her sewing and listened. In another minute there came another scream, even louder than the first. "Oh, auntie!" we cried, in a frightened chorus, "it's Robbie." Robbie, who was only 4 years old, and not big enough to sit up with us, had been put to bed up stairs half an hour before. "Don't be such silly little geese!" said auntie, calmly folding her work. "I'll go up and see what is the matter with the child." So auntie put down her basket, took a lamp in her hand and left the room, while we all followed and stood huddled together at the foot of the stairs.

Presently auntie appeared with trembling Robbie in her arms, and told us all to go back into the kitchen.

Auntie took her place by the fire, and we all sat down again. "Now, Robbie," said Aunt Jane, quietly, "sit up and tell them what was the matter, and why you screamed and frightened everybody, and what you saw." But Master Robbie didn't want to sit up; he kicked his little fat legs about and clung close to auntie, hiding his face in her gown.

"Come along, sir," said auntie firmly, and then she sat Robbie up in her lap, but he put his finger in his mouth and blinked at the fire, and finally began to howl dismally.

"There, there," said auntie more gently and petting him. "Be a brave little man. Now tell us, what did you think you saw?"

A little pause, then from out the folds of auntie's gown came a smothered "Dhost!" from Robbie.

"So," said auntie, "you thought you saw a ghost?"

"Fought I saw a dhost," was the muffled echo.

"Very well," said auntie. "Now what did you really see when I came in with the lamp and made you take your head out from under the blanket? Petticoat?" asked auntie, bending down.

"Petticoat hanging in torner."

"Ah," said auntie, "you thought you saw a ghost, and what you really did see was a white petticoat hanging up in the corner. Is that it?

"Es, I'se been a bad boy today, and Hebny told me when I was a bad boy I would see a dhost 'tanding up in torner, and I fought pettitoat was a dhost."

Auntie looked very sternly at Henry.

"Henry," she said, "have you really been putting such nonsense into this silly little boy's head?"

"Oh, just for fun," said Henry, though he looked a little ashamed. "It's a fine way to keep him good."

"Let me tell you, Henry, that a great deal of harm and a great deal of suffering have come from just this thoughtless habit of frightening little children in order to keep them good.

"And so I am going to tell you a story of myself; a story about something that happened to me when I was a little girl, and of all the harm that came of my old nurse's telling me about the old woman wrapped in a blanket who would come to carry me away if ever I was naughty and disobedient.

And then auntie, sitting with Robbie on her lap, told us her story:

When I was a little girl like Hattie papa and I were living alone here. When I say alone I mean that my poor mamma had died, and we were the only ones of the family left on the farm.

But we had a servant, who took care of the house, and old Maria, who took care of me and mended my clothes, and then there was the man who worked the farm, as papa's business in the village kept him away from home all day.

Now, Maria was very good and kind to me, and loved me very dearly, even though I was a wild little thing, always running away and getting lost, and giving her a deal of trouble, I dare say.

I suppose it was because I was so hard to manage and so very naughty that she first told me the story of the old woman in the blanket.

One night, after I had got into bed, and she had tucked me away and was going out with the light she stopped to say:

"I'm afraid if you ain't any better tomorrow than you've been today, Miss Jane, and if you don't stop runnin' into the woods, the old woman in the blanket will come after you." (I had been very, very bad that day, and I suppose poor Maria was at her wits' end to make me behave.)

"What old woman in a blanket?" I inquired, sitting up in bed.

"Never mind," Maria went on mysteriously, "I tell you there's an old woman in a blanket who comes after all naughty girls, 'specially them that runs away into the woods when they's told not to."

Then Maria went away with the candle and I lay alone in the dark with my mind full of the old woman in the blanket.

I was very good for a little while, and I suppose Maria thought she had done a fine thing in making up the story, as it seemed to have so good an effect upon my conduct. Indeed I thought a great deal about the old woman in the blanket.

Playing about in the fields in the daytime, I would sometimes forget all about her, but whenever I was quiet, and especially at night, I fell to imagining all sorts of dreadful things, about how she looked and what she would say and where she would take me.

Maria soon found that whenever I was unruly and disobedient all she had to do was to remind me of the terrible old woman in the blanket, so by and by I began to feel quite sure that at some time or other I would certainly be punished by her, and sometimes I was dreadfully frightened at night and used to cover my head up with the bedclothes, just as Robbie did a while ago.

Now, you must know, for I think I've told you, I was always expressly forbidden to go into the woods.

I didn't see very much of papa, as he was away all day, but I remember he often said to me:

"Jennie, you may play about the fields and over in the meadows as much as you like, but you must not go into the woods alone."

You see, there were snakes there, and besides, the woods were very dense (it was almost a forest), and there were so many paths that even a grown person might easily get lost there. How it was that I ever forgot my old woman in the blanket so entirely I don't remember, but anyway, one day I ran after a poor little rabbit that was lame and that couldn't go very fast, and as I wasn't thinking of anything but the little limping creature, whose home I was so anxious to see, I suddenly found myself in the midst of the forbidden woods.

I must have been running for a long time, for I found myself in a place that I had not known before, and I had made so many turns along the paths that I looked around bewildered, because I couldn't tell in what direction home lay.

"Oh, dear me!" I cried to myself, very much frightened. "I didn't mean to be disobedient. I didn't mean to come into the woods at all."

Indeed, I had not meant to come. I was seldom naughty deliberately, and most of the mischief I got into was the result of thoughtlessness and carelessness.

But anyway here I was in the woods, and I must get out of them. I looked and looked, and finally started out bravely to the left, as the way looked a little familiar. But though I walked on and on, and sometimes ran a little, it all grew more and more strange about me, and I finally stopped in dismay.

"I must be going the wrong way," I almost cried aloud, "and oh!" (I held my breath in terror) "what is that?"

A long, low rumble, and then the trees began to moan and shake their heavy branches, as if they, too, were trembling in fear.

Plash! Plash! A great drop fell upon my bare head. Suddenly there was a dreadful crash. In a moment everything grew dark, and then the thunder and the lightning and the furious rain all seemed to come together, and I was alone, all alone, lost in the woods, and night was coming on! Then I cried out as loud as I could in my terror.

"Oh, what a bad, naughty girl I have been!" I sobbed. And then I thought of the old woman in the blanket, and my tears dried in very fear, and I looked about trembling. I had made it up in my mind just what she would look like. She would be shriveled up and very old and all bent over, and the great blanket would cover her up from her head to her feet, and oh! this would be such a dreadful place to meet her! I almost believed that I could see her coming along through the trees. I threw myself on the ground and covered my face with my apron, and oh! what was that?

I felt a touch on my shoulder. I was almost dead with fright, when I heard a gruff but kindly voice say:

"Wall, sakes alive! If it ain't a little gal! Look up, sissy! What ails ye!" My heart gave a great bound of joy, and looking up I saw a big, bearded face bending over me. The man had a dog with him and a gun. I couldn't speak. Another great crack of thunder came. I could only cling to him and cry.

"Lost, I s'pose?" he asked, taking me up in his strong arms.

"Y-es, y-es, sir!" I finally stammered.

"Umph!" exclaimed my deliverer. "Wall, I reckon I'd better take ye to the cabin and dry ye off, and then we'll see where ye belong."

The dog bounded ahead, and the big, kind faced man carried me easily on one arm, and, shouldering his gun, made great, bold strides through the woods.

He must have known them well, for a black night was coming on and the rain was blinding. We had gone only a little way when a bright and ruddy light appeared. Here we were at the "cabin."

The door opened into a cheerful kitchen, and at the threshold stood a young girl holding a lantern.

"Here ye are, pop!" she cried in welcome. "Look out, Jack!" to the dog, who, covered with mud, made a leap at her.

"Why, pop! what on earth have you got there?"

"Gal," was the only reply of the big man.

"Gal! Lost? Oh, the poor little thing!" cried the girl, and then I was put in a chair by the kitchen fire, and my wet shoes and stockings were pulled off and so was my dripping gown, and I was wrapped in a big, warm shawl and given a cup of hot milk to drink.

They were very kind and gentle to me, rough people though they were, and neither papa nor I ever forgot their goodness to a poor little stranger.

When I could speak without shivering I told them my name and where I lived.

"I shouldn't have come into the woods," I ended. "I've been told not to, but I was running after the rabbit to see where he lived, and I ran on and on and forgot."

"Why, pop," exclaimed the girl, "it's Mr. Harvey's little girl."

"Oh, yes," said the man, "I know squire Harvey."

"Please, sir," I asked, "are you the hunter?"

"Aye, I s'pose so," answered the man, "leastways, I hunt most of the time."

"Then," I said, beginning to cry again, "then I'm far from home, way at the other side of the woods." I had heard of the hunter's cabin. "Oh," I went on, "what will they say at home? They will be so frightened! What shall I do?"

The man went to the window and looked out.

"The storm is ragin'," he said, and indeed we could hear it.

"I tell ye, little gal, you'll have to wait till mornin'. No one could ever git through them woods to-night."

I felt dreadfully, careless as I was. I knew how they would suffer at home, and yet there was no help for it.

I cried and sobbed, and after a while the girl carried me up the little rickety pair of stairs to her own tiny room.

There were only two rooms up stairs—the girl's where I was taken, and her father's. It was a poor little room, but quite clean, and the bed was very, very narrow.

"There," said the kind hearted girl, tucking up my little body under the warm quilt. "I reckon I'll have to sleep on the floor; I've got some bedclothes down stairs put away, so I'll git 'em out. Now, I'll just leave you the candle, and I'll be up in an hour or two."

Then she went away, and left me alone in the strange little room. I looked about me as I lay. It all seemed so odd and my head felt so queer, and now and then a cold shiver would run up and down my body.

I couldn't sleep; my eyes were wide open.

There was an old rag carpet on the floor, and over in the corner a funny old fashioned chest of drawers and a poor little table on which the candle stood, and one worn out chair.

Bang! bang! went the shutters! Oh, how the wind howled, and then would come the sudden, fearful crashes of thunder that seemed directly above my bed!

I trembled so that my teeth chattered. I should have been very warm, for the coverings on the bed were thick and plenty, but still I felt very, very cold and shivered dreadfully. It was silent except for the noise of the raging storm without.

I was frightened up there, all alone, in that strange place.

The candle flickered and made ugly shadows on the wall, and, oh! I wished that the girl would come up stairs. I thought of papa and Maria, and longed for the day to come that they might know I was safe and sound.

And presently I knew nothing, for a few moments, it seemed to me.

Bang! bang! went the shutters again.

I sat up, wide awake, with a dreadful terror in my heart.

In the moment that I had slept I had dreamed of the old woman in the blanket.

I was not cold now; I seemed to be burning up, and I tried to call out. I wanted some one to come to me; I was so afraid, what with the storm and my dream and the strange, lonely place.

My voice seemed very faint and weak, so I crawled from the bed, and it was hard to move. The candle was still flickering on the table, and cast but a dim light into the little passageway.

I reached the stairs, but all seemed silent below. Nothing was to be heard but the rumbling of the thunder and nothing was to be seen, but—what was that?

There, there in the corner!

Something white, bent over, and, yes, a blanket, a great yellow blanket, covering it up!

I had left the door ajar and a faint ray from the candlelight rested upon—the old woman! The old woman in the blanket! I only remember screaming out loud, as Robbie screamed a little while ago.

* * * * * *

One bright morning I opened my eyes, and was surprised to find myself in my own bed, and in my own pretty room at home.

I felt too tired to speak, and just closed my eyes and tried to remember what had happened.

Presently I heard voices.

"Poor little dear!" Maria was saying. "I'm so glad the fever has gone. Master has been so worried. This morning he went to the village for the first time since Miss Jane was brought home with the fever."

"Oh, yes," replied another voice, a voice I had heard in my dream, and indeed it was the voice of the hunter's daughter. "She's all right now, I reckon."

"Tell me," said Maria. "Tell me again, just how it came on."

"Well, you see," answered the girl, "I had put her in bed safely, and then I went down and got pop's tea. It was stormin' dreadful. After a while I fetched out the pillows and blanket that I was agoin' to make my bed of on the floor, and took 'em up stairs, and stood them in the passageway, and then I went down again to finish a bit of mending, while pop read the paper. All on a sudden we heard a dreadful scream, and when we ran up the stairs we found the poor little gal laying in the passageway moanin' and tearin' in the fever. Then, next morning, pop came over and told you, and the little thing was fetched home."

"And very good and kind you have been, my dear, and we are very grateful," said Maria.

Then it all came back to me, my dream, my waking and stealing out to the head of the stairway, and my vision of the terrible old woman in the blanket standing in the corner.

I astonished them and frightened them both very much by suddenly sitting bolt upright in bed.

"What did you say?" I eagerly asked the girl. "What did you say about putting the bedclothes up in the passageway?"

"Bless the child!" cried Maria. "She's in the fever yet, and doesn't know what she's a-talking about."

"Yes, I do," I declared. "I saw something in the corner, something white, with a blanket over it, and—and I thought it was the old woman."

Then the girl told me how she had put a white case on the bolster she had got out for her bed, and how she had taken a couple of blankets and come up stairs with them. But seeing that I had fallen into a light sleep and hearing me moan, she had been afraid of waking me then, and so had placed the things in the corner, intending to come up by and by.

After a while, when the girl had gone, I called:

"Maria!"

"Yes, my deary," she answered, coming quickly to my side.

"Maria," I asked, solemnly, "is there any old woman in a blanket?"

"No, no, my deary," cried Maria, very sorry for her thoughtlessness. "I only said it to make you mind, and it was very wicked of me."

* * * * * *

Robbie had fallen asleep, but the rest of us were listening eagerly to Aunt Jane.—New York World.

### Credulity.

Usually, in bewitching a person, it was thought necessary to possess something closely connected with the victim, as a lock of his hair, a nail paring or even a small quantity of his saliva.

The belief engendered by the shamans often had very serious consequences to innocent persons. If a shaman told a patient that he was afflicted by a disease which a certain man or woman had charmed into him, the consequences to the supposed offender were often serious enough, and such beliefs led to many deaths.

This is particularly the case in Africa, where the same belief occurs, and thousands are yearly sacrificed, because they are supposed to have afflicted others with disease spirits, or to be the authors of misfortunes of one sort or another.

The power too "hoodoo," that is, bewitch, is believed in by a very large number of the negroes of this country. In fact, such beliefs are common to the ignorant everywhere, be they red, white or black.

We should not be too ready to despise the Indian who holds them, since faith in charms, fortune telling and similar nonsense survives today among civilized people who ought to know better, and many are they who thrive by the practice of such arts. Credulity does not die with sorcery and barbarism, but lives on, and will continue to live until men grow much wiser than they have yet grown.—H. W. Henshaw in Youth's Companion.

### Cheaper Rings Are Bought.

A jeweler tells me that the fashion of buying expensive diamond rings by young men just engaged is gradually dying out. "Understand me," he said, "the girls still get their engagement rings, and they are pretty, too; but they don't average over $70 or $80 in price. Time was when the haughty bride to be would have turned up her dainty nose at any ring that cost less than $200, but now, although there is just as much romance and just the same passion for diamonds in her composition, the New York girl rightly reasons that she is living in a practical age, and that a cheaper ring and a more expensively furnished flat will give her the most satisfaction. I know a man with an income of $10,000 and the satisfaction of being engaged to a millionaire's daughter. How much do you think her engagement ring cost him? Just $150, and the bride went into ecstasies over it."—New York Star.

### Not Very Objectionable.

Little Boy—Mamma, I had the nightmare las' night, awful.

Mamma—That's because you had so much cake and preserves.

Little Boy (hastily)—Nightmares don't really hurt, you know; you only think they is goin' to, same as playin' ghost. I like nightmares. They is real fun.—New York Weekly.

An instance is on record of a pigeon flying twenty-three miles in eleven minutes, and another flew from Rouen to Ghent, 150 miles, in an hour and a half.


# Catarrh Cured.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM CATARRH, in any of its forms, it is your duty to yourself and family to obtain the means of a certain cure before it is too late. This you can easily do by sending a self-addressed stamped envelop to PROF. J. A. LAWRENCE, NEW YORK, who will send you, FREE, by return mail, a copy of the original recipe for preparing the BEST AND SUREST REMEDY EVER DISCOVERED FOR THE CURE OF CATARRH in all its various stages. Over ONE MILLION cases of this dreadful, disgusting, and often-times fatal disease have been cured permanently during the past five years by the use of this medicine. WRITE TO-DAY for this FREE recipe. Its timely use may save you from the death toils of Consumption. DO NOT DELAY longer, if you desire a speedy and permanent cure. Address, PROF. J. A. LAWRENCE, 88 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.


## THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

A posse of men with dogs are on the track of a panther between Carthage and Macomb, Ills. The animal has killed two dogs and a number of pigs.

It is reported that King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands, is dying at San Francisco.

At Cedar Rapids, Iowa, the sheriff advertises a stock of liquors, seized to satisfy a fine, to be sold at auction. This is the first instance of liquors being offered at sheriff's sale in a prohibition state and a test case is expected.

The Dobson burned carpet mills at Philadelphia will be rebuilt. The insurance is $725,000, in 125 companies.

Fire destroyed the store of Clarke, Luther & Son at Luther, Iowa, causing a loss of $12,000; no insurance.

The body of an unknown man was found hanging from a tree in Rochester, Wis.

It has been discovered at Muscoda, Wis., that Miss Lizzie Dixon, a young woman who has been missing for about a year and a half, is dead and buried in Graceland cemetery, Chicago. The sister of the dead woman has been searching for her unremittingly since her disappearance.

Lieut. Winter has accomplished his self-imposed task of walking from St. Petersburg to Paris, and is now the lion of the hour in the gay capital.

At Braddock, Pa., Jacob Walters and his son Harry were literally cut to pieces by a train while walking on the track.

District Judge Winne at Vinton, Iowa, has made a decision maintaining that congress has power to pass the Wilson bill, and that it was not necessary to re-enact the state prohibitory law.

Charles Rowell, the well-known pedestrian, has been married at London to Miss Disbury, of Cambridge.

Diphtheria prevails to an alarming extent in Cass county, Iowa.

At Mozambique an American named Moore is under arrest for inciting African chiefs to rebellion against the Portuguese.

Articles of incorporation of the World's Investment, Loan and Building company at Peoria, with a capital stock of $25,000,000 have been filed with the secretary of state of Illinois.

John Ambrose, night clerk of the Panters hotel at Sioux City, Iowa, had his skull fractured by a burglar. Ambrose cannot recover.

Instruction in the art of wood carving is to be introduced at Auburn prison. The New York Association of Wood Carvers have formally protested.

A ton of tobacco, smuggled from Key West, has just been seized at Havana.

Belford, France, had three earthquake shocks Tuesday.

Twelve window glass factories in the east have shut down.

Mr. and Mrs. Lane, of Boston, Ga., locked their four children in the house and went to church. When they returned the house was in ashes and the children burned to death.

The First National bank of La Junta, Colo., capital $50,000; National Union bank, of Oshkosh, Wis., capital $300,000, and First National bank, of Lake Benton, Minn., capital $50,000, have been authorized to begin business.

The river Ebro, in the vicinity of Saragossa, Portugal, is covered with nineteen inches of ice, the first since 1829.

It seems that 289 German school children committed suicide in the six years ending 1888.

Greece is now being snowed under.

At Olympia, Wash., Senator Metcalf arose and charged Senator Clarke with attempting to bribe him to vote for Calkins for United States senator and deposited $500 with the speaker that Clarke had paid him.

S. K. Wings, the absconding president of the First National bank, of Gatesville, Tex., has gone to Mexico with $15,000 of the bank's money.

The body of May Carey, who was drowned at the coasting accident at Appleton, Wis., Saturday night, has been found about half a mile below the scene of the accident.

J. C. Trueman has purchased Palo Alto Belle, 4 years old, 2:22¼, of Miller & Sibley, of Franklin, Ohio, for $15,000.

President and Mrs. Harrison gave a state dinner Tuesday, the guests being the diplomatic corps.

A resolution favoring the election of United States senators by a direct vote of the people was adopted by the Illinois house.

William Dillon, of Rawlins, Wyo., a character in the west, shot a bar-keeper dead at Ogden for refusing to drink with him.

The colony of Western Australia opened its first parliament at Peran, and $6,000,000 was asked by the governor for railways and public works.

An unknown hand applied the torch to the home of Gordon McComas, at Burlington, Iowa, and it burned to the ground. The family barely escaped.

Colored lawyers for the first time in the south's history argued before the Maryland court of appeals Thursday.

Rebarge, alias Maynard, a notorious horse thief, wanted in Detroit, is under arrest at Brantford, Ont.

Gold closed in Buenos Ayres Thursday at 208 per cent. premium.

The Laflin & Rand Powder mills at Cressona, Pa., exploded. Loss, $10,000. No one injured.

William Ledderdale, governor of the Bank of England, was presented the freedom of the city of London by the common council for a averting a commercial crisis by aiding the Barings.

Niles Larson accidentally shot and fatally wounded Joe Kent, a small boy, while hunting geese near Omaha.

The match between Steinitz and Gunsberg for the chess championship of the world, which has been going on at the Manhattan Chess club, New York, since Dec. 9, was definitely decided in favor of Steinitz.

George Kendall, aged 27 years, is straining at bands which fastened him to a cot in a New York hospital, where he is dying of hydrophobia. He was bitten seven weeks ago.

At Rochester, N. Y., John Miller, aged 54, upon being reproached for drunkenness by his 18-year-old son, stabbed him four times and fatally. The son is dead, and the father arrested.

Mrs. Julia Higbee, who recently poisoned her four children at her home near Brandenburg, Ky., was found by a jury to be demented and was sent to the asylum.

The strike of 2,000 miners at Soshowice, Russia, marks the first strike in that empire. Men at the Imperial dock yards, St. Petersburg, have also struck.

The National Trotting Association of Great Britain has adopted the American rules.

Eight-year-old Frank Edwards was drowned in a sewer at Paterson, N. J. Rain and thaw caused a rush of water that carried him in.

David Skiwinski, a New York salesman, was engaged to a Huntingdon, Pa., girl. She wrote him, breaking the engagement, and he went to her town and hanged himself.

Z. Presnell, a harness maker in Nevada, Iowa, was found in his shop shot through the head.

A train on the National railway was wrecked at Acamboro, Mex., some one having loosened the rails by drawing the spikes. Twelve persons were injured.

At New Orleans the second trial of Provenzanos, for lying in wait and shooting and wounding, resulted in a verdict of acquittal. The case formed the basis upon which rests the theory of the murder of Chief Hennessy.

The Berlin authorities refuse to employ needy men at street-cleaning for the reason that no extraordinary distress exists among the people.

It has been decided to hold a whist congress at Milwaukee, April 14 to 17, to organize an association of American whist clubs.

A Kanaka legend exists that when a red fish enters Honolulu harbor the reigning sovereign must soon die. Such a fish appeared on the 10th of November, fifteen days before the late King Kalakaua sailed for San Francisco.

The soap magnates of the country are to meet in Pittsburg Tuesday and Wednesday. The principal object of the meeting will be to do away with prizes in certain brands of soap.

The municipal authorities of Cologne have resolved to furnish employment to 13,000 men in that city who are now out work. They have decided that the wages paid these workers shall be 18 pence per day.

The Standard Oil company will build two compartment vessels of the whaleback pattern, designed expressly for carrying oil in bulk from the lower lake ports to Superior.

More than 1,000 school children took part in the ceremonies attendant upon the hoisting over a Bloomington, Ills., school house of the national flag presented to the city by the Logan post of Union veterans.

The J. Meyburg Hat company at St. Louis has assigned with liabilities of $70,000 and assets of $80,000.

The English government has sent 250 tons of potatoes and meal to be distributed among the suffering poor of Kildysart, Ireland. It is hoped these provisions will relieve the distress existing in that district.

The English government has chartered a number of small steamers in order to enable the fishermen inhabiting the Arran Islands to send their fish to Galway.

News of an agrarian outrage comes from County Clare, Ireland. During the night a cow belonging to a boycotted farmer living near Kildysart was skinned alive by some unknown parties.

At Nauvoo, Ills., Clara, the 12-year-old daughter of Frank Porter, was fatally crushed by a traction engine.

Mrs. S. R. Salyards, who died at Lamoni, Iowa, recently, was the third daughter of Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet.

Michael Goetzfried, a young farmer residing near Burlington, Iowa, was found dead in bed at the Globe hotel. The door of his room was locked and barricaded with the bed and the gas was full on.

James Topping and Jacob Joliff, of Centralia, Ills., have each sued the Illinois Central railroad for $5,000 damages for the killing of their sons by e cars.

C. J. Thomas, a colored man of Bloomington, Ills., is dying from gangrene. Thomas, while picking the feathers from a chicken, reopened a scratch upon his hand and blood-poisoning set in.

There was an immense meeting of Scotchmen and lovers of Robert Burns in London Saturday night in honor of the poet's birthday.

Frank Gordon, of Lake Geneva, Wis., was killed by being caught in the belt of an ice-hoisting apparatus.

First Lieut. Ernest A. Garlington, Seventh cavalry, wounded at Wounded Knee, has been ordered to report by letter to Col. Edwin F. Townsend, Twelfth infantry, president of the examining board at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., for examination for promotion.

A citizen of Manistee, Mich., has a clientage of 4,000 children, who get a pound of candy each from him on New Year's Day.

The latest modern improvement is to drop the m in the abbreviations a. m. and p. m., as, for example, 11 a. and 4:30 p.

An English company is working a silver mine in Bolivia which yields more than 360 ounces to the ton, while specimens of almost pure silver are met with.

Last week earthquakes in Algeria destroyed two towns and killed forty persons.

A Kansas man played a very sharp trick upon a neighbor lately. He stole a herd of 150 cattle, sold them, pocketed the money, and then committed suicide. His victim sees no way of redress.

A horse belonging to Joseph Penrod, of Elkhart, Ind., fell dead from fright Saturday at the first sight of an electric street car.

Maj. Lamar Fontaine, the noted confederate soldier and author of "All Quiet on the Potomac To-Night," has sent a request to the Grand Army comrades at Monticello, Ills., and throughout the north that there be held at Chicago or St. Louis a grand reunion of the soldiers who wore the blue and the gray, to last eight or ten days.

## ON AN OSTRICH FARM.

### AN AFRICAN INDUSTRY TRANSPLANTED TO CALIFORNIA.

**Ostriches Are Profitable Birds to Raise. Something About the Business—Popular Superstitions Exploded—Hatched by Means of Incubators.**

There are at least half a dozen ostrich farms in southern California. They have ceased to be a curiosity there, and each now represents a commercial enterprise. Americans buy one-half the millions of ostrich feathers produced annually. It is estimated that this country expends $3,000,000 a year for these ornaments. Each ostrich when full grown yields a feather income of from $200 to $300 per annum. The elegant, long black and white plumes sell for $5 each at the farms, and readily bring $10 each at retail in New York or Chicago.

Every feather has a value. If it is sufficiently large for use it is worth at least 10 cents. The very small ones, otherwise useless, make up into cheap souvenirs and are eagerly purchased by visiting tourists at prices varying from 10 cents to $1. The plumes produced in southern California are fully as valuable as those from the far away Cape Colony.

The eggs, if fertile, sell for $25 each, and generally from 75 to 80 per cent. of all eggs produced will hatch. If not fertile the shells are in demand at from $3 to $5 each as curios and ornaments. A young ostrich just out of the shell is considered equivalent to $50, and his value increases until he is full grown, when $500 is a low market price.

The expense of maintaining an ostrich farm is comparatively slight. The birds in this country are usually healthy. Their appetites are appalling, but they are satisfied with alfalfa, cabbage and crushed bones for a regular diet. On occasions they expect large and small pebbles, bits of iron, old shoes, tin cans and such delicacies. A hungry ostrich is not particular about his food. It is merely a question of deglutition with him. If what he eats will go down—or rather up—his somewhat elastic throat (for he eats and drinks head downward), he feels safe to trust his digestive organs to do the rest.

The ostrich has long been maligned. In our schoolboy days natural history taught us to despise the ostrich, first, because of its lack of sense, and second, for its want of parental instincts. We were told that this great, ungainly bird, when chased by a native South African upon the back of a fleet horse or a tame ostrich, would hide his weary head in the sand, under the impression that if he could not see his pursuer the pursuer could not see him. This fable is no more true, at least of the domesticated bird, than the other, which actually says that the mother ostrich lays her eggs in the hot sand and leaves them to the tender care of the sun and the Hottentot.

The ostrich egg shell is sometimes one-sixteenth of an inch thick. It is fully twenty-four times the size of an ordinary hen's egg. Incubation requires forty days, during which period the male and female alternate in the domestic duty of keeping the eggs warm. Most of the hatching is now done by incubators. A 300 egg incubator has a capacity for but 27 ostrich eggs.

At the farm near Santa Monica I saw the birds on the nest, however, and the young ostriches after they were removed from the nest. The eggs at this sitting nearly all hatched, and as I visited the farm frequently I grew very much interested in both parents and children. The nest consisted of a pile of sand in the center of the field assigned to the two breeders. The male bird manifested the utmost interest in the business in hand, and devoted more than fifteen hours a day to the maternal duty of sitting on the eggs.

When his mate was on the nest he would shield her from the excessive heat of that semi-tropical sun by extending his ample wings over her. The two ostriches were models of parental affection. The exemplary conduct of the male specially won my admiration, for he was ever on the alert to render assistance to his patient spouse, and when the little fellows pecked their way through the hard shell he kept vigilant watch over them. The old story of neglect of its offspring is clearly disproved. There are no feathered animals more dutiful.

The old birds are not awkward, but the young ones have no sense whatever, and so it is necessary to remove the latter as soon as possible after they escape from the shell to prevent them from wandering into danger. It requires skillful coaxing and no little maneuvering to entice the fond parents from the nest, but this accomplished the young ostriches are transferred to a sand box in the sun, where they must have close attention all day long to keep them from mishaps which their utter lack of discretion and extreme awkwardness would certainly bring upon them.

At night they are placed in an incubator. Until they are several months old the absurdly heedless and tender things require very great care. After they pass from infancy, however, they generally thrive. The losses usually occur within the first month.

When the birds are seven months old the first plucking occurs, and from that time forward they give up their feathers twice a year. The females begin laying eggs at three years of age, and produce from thirty to ninety eggs each annually.

In South Africa, until about thirty years ago, the natives killed the ostrich for his plumes. Since that date the domesticated birds have furnished most of the feathers of commerce.

Each bird when fully grown has twenty-five plumes on each wing, with two rows of floss feathers underneath. Above the white plumes are a row of long feathers and under them are a smaller size. In the male these are black and in the female drab. The tail has also a tuft of feathers similarly arranged. The first feathers are not usually as fine in quality, as large in size or as great in quantity as those of subsequent pluckings. — Cor. Chicago News.


# Wonders

Are wrought by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor in restoring gray hair to its original color, promoting a new growth, preventing the hair from falling, keeping it soft, silky, and abundant, and the scalp cool, healthy, and free from dandruff or humors. The universal testimony is that this preparation has no equal as a dressing, and is, therefore, indispensable to every well-furnished toilet.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time and it has worked wonders for me. I was troubled with dandruff and was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Vigor my head is perfectly clear of dandruff, the hair has ceased coming out, and I now have a good growth, of the same color as when I was a young woman. I can heartily recommend any one suffering from dandruff or loss of hair to use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a dressing." — Mrs. Lydia O. Moody, East Pittston, Me.

"Some time ago my wife's hair began to come out quite freely.

# Ayer's Hair Vigor

not only prevented my wife from becoming bald, but it also caused an entirely new growth of hair. I am ready to certify to this statement before a justice of the peace."— H. Hulsebus, Lewisburgh, Iowa.

"Some years ago, after a severe attack of brain fever, my hair all came out. I used such preparations for restoring it as my physicians ordered, but failed to produce a growth of hair. I then tried, successively, several articles recommended by druggists, and all alike fell short of accomplishing the desired result. The last remedy I applied was Ayer's Hair Vigor, which brought a growth of hair in a few weeks. I think I used eight bottles in two years; more than was necessary as a restorative, but I liked it as a dressing, and have continued to use it for that purpose. I believe Ayer's Hair Vigor possesses virtues far above those of any similar preparation now on the market." —Vincent Jones, Richmond, Ind.

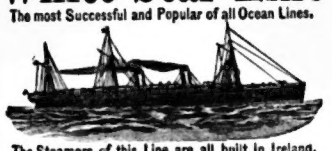
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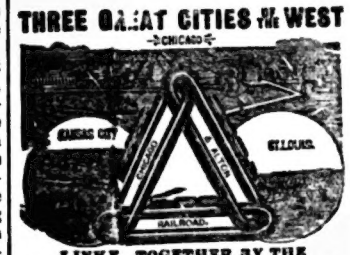
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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neill, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 3 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 739 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J B McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 363 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Bielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denlsauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuses, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2561 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 798 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 556 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 8 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 336 Cleveland av; Joseph P Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtomb, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Costrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardnes st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 443 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 331 Orchard st; E E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trausoht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian) — F Brucciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasquee, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av,

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Doyle, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudrean, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

### ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.
County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.
County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.
County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 182 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Halpin, V. P.; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec. 923 Thirty-fifth-st.; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2525 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S Halsted-st; P. F. Radigan, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 692 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 444 Ogden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden, 476 W. Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E. O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 235 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., M. C. Redmond, 17 Artesian av.; V.-P., P. J. Kane; Rec. Sec., W. G. Graham, 13 Currier st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2902 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Rasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 267 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meets 3rd Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec, Lawrence Hendy; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 2 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3331 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queely's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. John McHenna, 5229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J F Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1066 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3100 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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### ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E

NATIONAL OFFICERS.

Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

Laurence Kelly, National Delegate, High st., Yonkers, N. Y.
Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.
John L. Cunningham, 2200 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.
Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N. J.
Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.
John Patton, No. 1 Freeman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.
Rich. Powers, 2617 Dashiel st, Chicago, Ill.
John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.
Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.
J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.
T. F. Thornton, 3010 Third av, Birmingham, Ala.
Dan Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.
William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.
P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.
P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.
Thos. Noonan, 88 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.
John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.
Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.
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## FINEST READY-MADE CLOTHING.

We've put our entire stock of Ready-Made Clothing at your disposal at 80 cents on the dollar, or 20 cents less than each and every dollar of it is worth. Too much of this and too much of that necessitates our getting rid of it. So let it be at once, while the goods are new, fresh and seasonable.

Overcoats $12, less 20% to you, $9.60.
Overcoats $15, less 20% to you, $12.00.
Overcoats $20, less 20% to you, $16.00.
Ulsters $15, less 20% to you, $12.00.
Ulsters $20, less 20% to you, $16.00.
Suits $12, less 20% to you, $9.60.
Suits $15, less 20% to you, $12.00.
Suits $20, less 20% to you, $16.00.

Also 20% on Boys' Suits and Overcoats and Men's Full Dress Suits.

Remember, you are getting the pick of our own make of goods made for this season. Buyers that waited are lucky.

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A book for every Irishman. The most impassioned, logical, forcible, and eloquent defense of the great Irish leader yet written. By an American Catholic. Ballads, Poems, Essays, &c. 60 pages. Illustrated. Edition limited—price 25c. Ask newsagent to order a copy, or will mail it on receipt of price. *Agents wanted*
R. S. VENTET, Pub., 210 Evelina-st., Phila.

### ATTENTION VETERANS!

The undersigned, having been duly recognised and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.
JOHN F. FINERTY
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H. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 Pearl St., N.Y.

ROOT'S PURGATIVE PILLS cure all Blood Diseases. Constipation and Biliousness.

DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL SHEEHAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Sheehan deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March A. D. 1891, being the 16th day thereof.
DELIA SHEEHAN,
Administratrix.
Dated Chicago, January 20, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

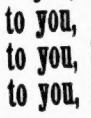
ESTATE OF LUKE SINNON, ALIAS LOUIS Synan, deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Luke Sinnon, alias Louis Synan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1891, being the 16th day thereof.
ISABELLA RYAN,
Administratrix.
Dated Chicago, January 13, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

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Unequaled for Producing a Clear Complexion.
A botanical compound, put up in packages and sent by mail at *one-third the cost* of ordinary medicine. Large packages, sufficient for 2 quarts, $1.00; half-size packages, sufficient for 3 pints, 50c.; sample packages, 25c.
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# H. R. EAGLE

## JANUARY . BARGAINS.

| | |
|---|---|
| California Raisins, per pound | 4 cents |
| Fard Dates, per pound | 5 cents |
| C. & B. Strawberry Jam, per jar | 19 cents |
| C. & B. Raspberry Jam, per jar | 19 cents |
| A 3 lb can California Peaches for | 19 cents |
| A 2 lb can Sugar Corn for | 9 cents |
| A 3 lb can Solid Meat Tomatoes for | 8 cents |
| A 2 lb can Marrowfat Peas for | 8 cents |
| Salad Dressing, per bottle | 10 cents |
| Crystallized French Fruits are worth $1.50 per lb; our price | 99 cents |
| 16 pounds Granulated Sugar for | $1.00 |
| A Good Head Carolina Rice, per pound | 5 cents |
| A 2 lb can White Cherries for | 10 cents |
| A 5 lb bucket Pure Fruit Preserves for | 50 cents |
| Joliet Standard Soap, 60 bars, 60 lbs, for | $2.10 |
| Joliet Standard Soap, per single bar | 4 cents |
| A 50 lb box California Dried Pears for | $4.48 |
| California Dried Pears, per single pound | 10 cents |
| A 20 lb box California Loose Muscatel Raisins for | $1.48 |
| Old and Dry Pop Corn, per pound | 5 cents |
| Sugar-Cured Hams, per pound | 7½ cents |
| Herkimer County (N. Y.) Cheese, the finest per pound | 15 cents |
| A 2 lb can Pears for | 12½ cents |
| A 20 lb Pail Pure Fruit Jelly for | 68 cents |
| A 2 lb jar Pure Fruit Jelly for | 9 cents |
| A 3 lb can California Asparagus for | 4 cents |
| Peeled and Evaporated Dried Peaches, per pound | 13 cents |

### TOILET SOAPS AT 50 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR.

| | |
|---|---|
| Eclipse Toilet Soap, 4 cakes in box, per box | 9 cents |
| Columbia, 3 cakes in box, per box | 12 cents |
| Marechal Niel, 3 cakes in box, per box | 19 cents |
| Cochin Cocoanut Oil Soap, 3 cakes in box, per box | 14 cents |
| Superior Shaving Soap, per cake | 5 cents |
| Genuine Tar Soap, per cake | 5 cents |

### FLOUR.

**Diamond Medal Fancy Minnesota Patent Flour, per brl....$4.98**
This Flour is made from Dakota Hard Spring Wheat. For a white, sweet and nutritious bread it beats the world.
**Washburn's Superlative Patent Flour, per brl....$4.98**
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Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat, and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.
**Finest Old St. Louis Winter Wheat Flour, per brl....$4.78**

### FRUITS IN TINS.

| | Per can | Per doz |
|---|---|---|
| 2 lb cans Strawberries | 12½c | $1.50 |
| 2 lb cans Preserved Strawberries | 19c | 2 20 |
| 3 lb cans Table Peaches | 20c | 2 40 |
| 3 lb cans Finest California Table Peaches | 27c | 3.10 |
| 3 lb cans California Egg Plums | 17c | 2 00 |
| 3 lb cans California Gold Drop Plums | 17c | 2 00 |
| 3 lb cans California Green Gages | 12½c | 1 50 |
| 3 lb cans California Apricots | 21c | 2.40 |
| 2 lb cans Sliced Pineapples | 15c | 1 50 |
| 2 lb cans Gooseberries | 12c | 1.30 |

### VEGETABLES IN TINS

| | Per can | Per doz |
|---|---|---|
| 2-lb cans Lima Beans | 12½c | $1 45 |
| 2-lb cans Stringless Beans | 10c | 1.15 |
| 3-lb cans Baked Beans | 15c | 1 30 |
| 3-lb cans Sweet Potatoes | 15c | 1 70 |
| 3-lb cans Pumpkin | 10c | 1 00 |
| 2-lb cans Fancy Mar. Peas | 11c | 1 25 |
| 3-lb cans Solid Meat Tomatoes | 9c | 1 05 |
| Fine French Mushrooms | 18c | 2 00 |
| Fine Small French Peas | 16c | 1 70 |
| 2-lb cans "Baby" Sweet Corn This corn is like the babies—tender and sweet. | 11c | 1 25 |
| 2-lb cans Paxton Corn | 9c | 1 05 |
| 2-lb cans Oneida Co., N. Y., Sweet Corn | 10c | 1 15 |

### SOAPS.

| | |
|---|---|
| 33 bars Standard Family Soap for | $1.00 |
| 22 bars Babbitt's Best Soap for | 1.00 |
| 23 bars Fairbank's Santa Claus Soap | 1.00 |
| 20 bars Werk's German Mottled Soap for | 1.00 |
| 20 bars Best Family Soap for | 1.00 |
| 100 bars Kirk's White Cloud Soap for | 5.00 |

### FISH IN TINS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 lb cans California Salmon | 10c | $1.15 |
| 1 lb cans Columbia River Salmon | 15c | 1 65 |
| 1 lb cans Salmon Steaks | 19c | 2 10 |
| 1 lb cans Lobsters | 21c | 2.40 |
| 1 lb cans Cove Oysters | 12c | 1.30 |
| 2 lb cans Cove Oysters | 19c | 2 20 |
| American Sardines in oil | 5c | 55 |
| Mustard Sardines, large cans | 10c | 1 05 |
| Imported Sardines in oil | 16c | 1 85 |
| 1 lb cans Mackerel | 10c | 1.10 |

### TEAS---Japans.

BASKET-FIRED OR UNCOLORED.

A Good Japan, per lb.....25 cents
A New Crop Japan, per lb.....35 cents
A Pin Leaf Fancy New Crop Japan, per lb.....50 cents

### Oolong.

A Good Drinking Oolong, per lb. 25 cents
A Fine Formosa Oolong, per lb..35 cents
A New Crop Fancy Oolong, lb..50 cents

### Gunpowders.

A Good Drinking Gunpowder, lb. 25 cents
A Moyune Gunpowder, per lb...35 cents
A Fancy Smooth Drinking Moyune Gunpowder, per lb.....50 cents

### COFFEES.

6 pounds Roasted Rio Coffee for....$1.00
5 pounds Roasted Rio Coffee for.... 1 00
4 pounds After Dinner Java, for.... 1 00
Good Green Rio Coffee, per lb.....20c

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CLINE BROS., Proprietors.

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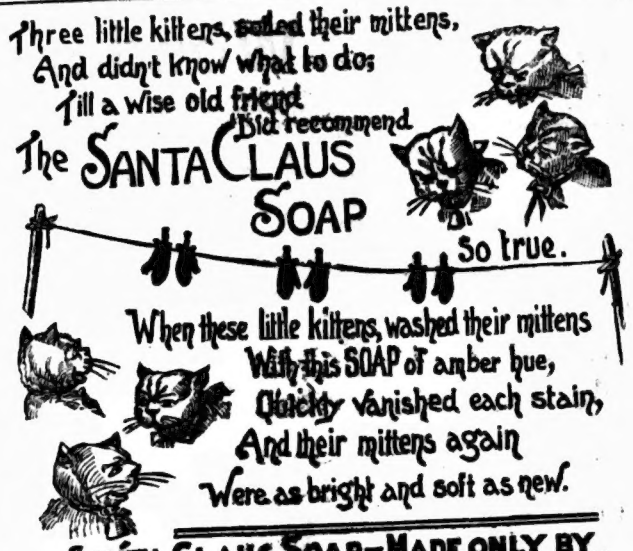
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DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF JAMES KEHOE, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of James Kehoe, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1891, being the 16th day thereof.
Executrix of the last will and testament of James Kehoe, deceased.
MARGARET KEHOE,
Dated Chicago, January 7, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. December Term, A. D 1890 Edward Mackey vs. David Mackey. In Chancery. No. 87,740.
Notice is hereby given to the said David Mackey that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of February A. D. 1891, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.
HENRY BEST, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.




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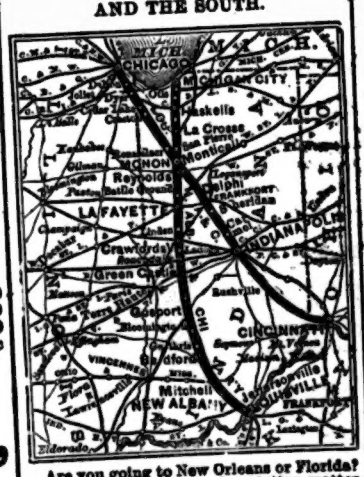
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